

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /  
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut  
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la  
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may  
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these  
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que  
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une  
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,  
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas  
été numérisées.

From the Knickerbocker for January.

### THE BERMUDAS.

A SHAKSPEARIAN RESEARCH: BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH-BOOK.

Who did not think, till within these four years, but that these islands had been rather a habitation for Divells, than fit for men to dwell in? Who did not hate the name, when hee was on land, and shun the place when he was on the seas? But behold the misprision and conceits of the world! For true and large experience hath now told us, it is one of the sweetest paradises that be upon earth.—*A Plain Description of the Bermudas*; 1613.

In the course of a voyage home from England, our ship had been struggling, for two or three weeks, with perverse head-winds, and a stormy sea. It was in the month of May, yet the weather had at times a wintry sharpness, and it was apprehended that we were in the neighbourhood of floating islands of ice, which at that season of the year drift out of the Gulf of Saint Lawrence, and sometimes occasion the wreck of noble ships.

Wearied out by the continued opposition of the elements, our captain at length bore away to the South, in hopes of catching the expiring-breath of the trade-winds, and making what is called the southern passage. A few days wrought, as it were, a magical "sea change" in every thing around us. We seemed to emerge into a different world. The late dark and angry sea, lashed up into roaring and swashing surges, became calm and sunny; the rude winds died away; and gradually a light breeze sprang up directly aft, filling out every sail, and wafting us smoothly along on an even keel. The air softened into a bland and delightful temperature. Dolphins began to play about us; the nautilus came floating by, like a fairy ship, with its mimic sail and rainbow tints; and flying fish, from time to time, made their short excursive flights, and occasionally fell upon the deck. The cloaks and overcoats in which we had hitherto wrapped ourselves, and moved about the vessel, were thrown aside; for a summer warmth had succeeded to the late wintry chills. Sails were stretched as awnings over the quarter-deck, to protect us from the mid day sun. Under these we lounged away the day, in luxurious indolence, musing, with half shut eyes, upon the quiet ocean. The night was scarcely less beautiful than the day. The rising moon sent a quivering column of silver along the undulating surface of the deep, and gradually climbing the heaven, lit up our towering top-sails and swelling main-sails, and spread a pale, mysterious light around. As our ship made her whispering way through this dreamy world of waters, every boisterous sound on board was charmed to silence; and the low whistle, or drowsy song, of a sailor from the fore-castle, or the tinkling of a guitar, and the soft warbling of a female voice from the quarter-deck, seemed to derive a witching melody from the scene and hour. I was reminded of Oberon's exquisite description of music and moonlight on the ocean:

— Thou rememberest

Since once I sat upon a promontory,  
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;  
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,  
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Indeed, I was in the very mood to conjure up all the imaginary beings with which poetry has peopled old ocean, and almost ready to fancy I heard the distant song of the mermaid, or the mellow shell of the triton, and to picture to myself Neptune and Amphitrite with all their pageant sweeping along the dim horizon.

A day or two of such fanciful voyaging, brought us in sight of the Bermudas, which first looked like mere summer clouds, peering above the quiet ocean. All day we glided along in sight of them, with just wind enough to fill our sails; and never did land appear more lovely. They were clad in emerald verdure, beneath the sereneest of skies: not an angry wave broke upon their quiet shores, and small craft, riding on the crystal waves, seemed as if hung in air. It was such a scene that Fletcher pictured to himself when he extolled the halcyon lot of the fisherman:

Ah! would thou knewest how much it better were  
To bide among the simple fisher-swains:  
No shrieking owl, no night-crow lodgeth here,  
Nor is our simple pleasure mixed with pains.  
Our sports begin with the beginning year;  
In calms, to pull the leaping fish to land,  
In roughs, to sing and dance along the yellow sand.

In contemplating these beautiful islands, and the peaceful sea around them, I could hardly realize that these were the "still vexed Bermoothes" of Shakspeare, once the dread of mariners, and infamous in the narratives of the early discoverers, for the dangers and disasters which beset them. Such, however, was the case; and the islands derived additional interest in my eyes, from fancying that I could trace in their early history, and in the superstitious notions connected with them, some of the elements of Shakspeare's

wild and beautiful drama of the *Tempest*. I shall take the liberty of citing a few historical facts, in support of this idea, which may claim some additional attention from the American reader, as being connected with the first settlement in Virginia.

At the time when Shakspeare was in the fulness of his talent, and seizing upon every thing that could furnish aliment to his imagination, the colonization of Virginia was a favourite object of enterprise among people of condition in England, and several of the courtiers of the court of Queen Elizabeth were personally engaged in it. In the year 1609, a noble armament of nine ships and five hundred men sailed for the relief of the colony. It was commanded by Sir George Somers, as admiral, a gallant and generous gentleman; above sixty years of age, and possessed of an ample fortune, yet still bent upon hardy enterprise, and ambitious of signalizing himself in the service of his country.

On board of his flag-ship, the *Sea-Vulture*, sailed also Sir Thomas Gates, lieutenant-general of the colony. The voyage was long and boisterous. On the twenty-fifth of July, the admiral's ship was separated from the rest, in a hurricane. For several days she was driven about at the mercy of the elements, and so strained and racked, that her seams yawned open, and her hold was half filled with water. The storm subsided, but left her a mere foundering wreck. The crew stood in the hold to their waists in water, vainly endeavouring to bail her with kettles, buckets, and other vessels. The leaks rapidly gained on them, while their strength was as rapidly declining. They lost all hope of keeping the ship afloat, until they should reach the American coast; and wearied with fruitless toil, determined, in their despair, to give up all farther attempt, shut down the hatches, and abandon themselves to Providence. Some, who had spirituous liquors, or "fiery waters," as the old record quaintly terms them, brought them forth, and shared them with their comrades, and they all drank a sad farewell to one another, as men who were soon to part company in this world.

In this moment of extremity, the worthy admiral, who kept sleepless watch from the high stern of the vessel, gave the thrilling cry of "land!" All rushed on deck, in a frenzy of joy, and nothing now was to be seen or heard on board; but the transports of men who felt as if rescued from the grave. It is true the land in sight would not, in ordinary circumstances, have inspired much self-gratulation. It could be nothing else but the group of islands called after their discoverer, one Juan Bermudas, a Spaniard, but stigmatized among the mariners of those days as 'the islands of devils' 'For the islands of the Bermudas,' says the narrative of this voyage, 'as every man knoweth that hath heard or read of them, were never inhabited by any christian or heathen people, but were ever esteemed and reputed a most prodigious and enchanted place, affording but gusts, stormes, and foul weather, which made every navigator and mariner to avoide them as Scylla and Charybdis, or as they would shun the Devil himself.'

Sir George Somers and his tempest-tossed comrades, however, hailed them with rapture, as if they had been a terrestrial paradise. Every sail was spread, and every exertion made to urge the foundering ship to land. Before long she struck upon a rock. Fortunately, the late stormy winds had subsided, and there was no surf. A swelling wave lifted her from off the rock, and bore her to another; and thus she was borne on from rock to rock, until she remained wedged between two, as firmly as if set upon the stocks. The boats were immediately lowered, and though the shore was above a mile distant, the whole crew were landed in safety.

Every one had now his task assigned him. Some made all haste to unload the ship, before she should go to pieces; some constructed wigwams of palmetto leaves, and others ranged the island in quest of wood and water. To their surprise and joy, they found it far different from the desolate and frightful place they had been taught, by seamen's stories, to expect. It was well wooded and fertile; there were birds of various kinds, and herds of swine roaming about, the progeny of a number that had swam ashore, in former years, from a Spanish wreck. The island abounded with turtle, and great quantities of their eggs were to be found among the rocks. The bays and inlets were full of fish; so tame, that if any one stepped into the water they would throng around him. Sir George Somers, in a little while, caught enough with hook and line to furnish a meal to his whole ship's company. Some of them were so large, that two were as much as a man could carry. Crawfish, also, were taken in abundance. Waller, in his *'Summer Islands'* has given us a faithful picture of the climate:

For the kind spring, (which but salutes us here,)  
Inhabits these, and courts them all the year:

\* \* A Plain Description of the Bermudas.

Ripe fruits and blossoms on the same trees live;  
At once they promise, and at once they give;  
So sweet the air, so moderate the climate,  
None sickly lives, or dies before his time.  
Heaven sure has kept this spot of earth uncurst,  
To shew how all things were created first.

We may imagine the feelings of the shipwrecked mariners, on finding themselves cast by stormy seas upon so happy a coast; where abundance was to be had without labour; where what in other climes constituted the costly luxuries of the rich, were within every man's reach; and where life promised to be a mere holiday. Many of the common sailors, especially, declared they desired no better lot than to pass the rest of their lives on this favoured island.

The commanders, however, were not so ready to console themselves with mere physical comforts, for the severance from the enjoyment of cultivated life, and all the objects of honourable ambition. Despairing of the arrival of any chance ship on these shunned and dreaded islands, they fitted out the long boat, making a deck of the ship's hatches, and having manned her with eight picked men, despatched her under the command of an able and hardy mariner, named Raven, to proceed to Virginia, and procure shipping to be sent to their relief.

While waiting in anxious idleness for the arrival of the looked-for aid, dissensions arose between Sir George Somers and Sir Thomas Gates, originating, very probably, in jealousy of the lead which the nautical experience and professional station of the admiral gave him in the present emergency. Each commander, of course, had his adherents: these dissensions ripened into a complete schism; and this handful of ship-wrecked men, thus thrown together on an uninhabited island, separated into two parties, and lived asunder in bitter feud, as men rendered fickle by prosperity, instead of being brought into brotherhood by a common calamity.

Weeks and months elapsed, without bringing the looked-for aid from Virginia, though that colony was within but a few days' sail. Fears were now entertained, that the long-boat had been either swallowed up in the sea, or wrecked on some savage coast; one or other of which most probably was the case, as nothing was ever heard of Raven and his comrades.

Each party now set to work to build a vessel for itself out of the cedar with which the island abounded. The wreck of the *Sea-Vulture* furnished rigging, and various other articles; but they had no iron for bolts, and other fastenings; and for want of pitch and tar, they paved the seams of their vessels with lime and turtle's oil, which soon dried, and became as hard as stone.

On the tenth of May, 1610, they set sail, having been about nine months on the island. They reached Virginia without farther accident, but found the colony in great distress for provisions. The account they gave of the abundance that reigned in the Bermudas, and especially of the herds of swine that roamed the island, determined Lord Delaware, the governor of Virginia, to send thither for supplies. Sir George Somers, with his wonted promptness and generosity, offered to undertake what was still considered a dangerous voyage. Accordingly, on the nineteenth of June, he set sail, in his own cedar vessel of thirty tons, accompanied by another small vessel, commanded by Captain Argall.

The gallant Somers was doomed again to be tempest-tossed. His companion vessel was soon driven back to port, but he kept the sea; and, as usual, remained at his post on deck, in all weathers. His voyage was long and boisterous, and the fatigues and exposures which he underwent, were too much for a frame impaired by age, and by previous hardships. He arrived at Bermudas completely exhausted and broken down.

His nephew, Captain Mathew Somers, attended him in his illness with affectionate assiduity. Finding his end approaching, the veteran called his men together, and exhorted them to be true to the interests of Virginia; to procure provisions, with all possible despatch, and hasten back to the relief of the colony.

With this dying charge, he gave up the ghost, leaving his nephew and crew overwhelmed with grief and consternation. Their first thought was to pay honour to his remains. Opening the body, they took out the heart and entrails, and buried them, erecting a cross over the grave. They then embalmed the body, and set sail with it for England; thus, while paying empty honours to their deceased commander, neglecting his earnest wish and dying injunction, that they should return with relief to Virginia.

The little bark arrived safely at Whitechurch, in Dorsetshire, with its melancholy freight. The body of the worthy Somers was interred with the military honours due to a brave soldier, and many volleys were fired over his grave. The Bermudas have since received the name of the Somer Islands, as a tribute to his memory.

The accounts given by Captain Mathew Somers and his crew of the delightful climate, and the great beauty, fertility, and abundance

of these islands excited the zeal of enthusiasts, and the cupidity of speculators, and a plan was set on foot to colonize them. The Virginia company sold their right to the islands to one hundred and twenty of their own members, who erected themselves into a distinct corporation, under the name of the "Somers Island Society;" and Mr. Richard More was sent out, in 1612, as governor, with sixty men, to found a colony: and this leads me to the second branch of this research.

#### THE THREE KINGS OF BERMUDA, AND THEIR TREASURE OF AMBERGRIS.

At the time that Sir George Somers was preparing to launch his cedar-built bark, and sail for Virginia, there were three culprits among his men, who had been guilty of capital offences. One of them was shot; the others, named Christopher Carter and Edward Waters, escaped. Waters, indeed, made a very narrow escape, for he had actually been tied to a tree to be executed, but cut the rope with a knife, which he had concealed about his person, and fled to the woods, where he was joined by Carter. These two worthies kept themselves concealed in the secret parts of the island, until the departure of the two vessels. When Sir George Somers revisited the island in quest of supplies for the Virginia colony, these culprits hovered about the landing-place, and succeeded in persuading another seaman, named Edward Chard, to join them, giving him the most seductive pictures of the ease and abundance in which they revelled.

When the bark that bore Sir George's body to England had faded from the watery horizon, these three vagabonds walked forth in their majesty and might, the lords and sole inhabitants of these islands. For a time their little commonwealth went on prosperously and happily. They built a house, sowed corn, and the seeds of various fruits; and having plenty of hogs, wild fowl, and fish of all kinds, with turtle in abundance, carried on their tripartite sovereignty with great harmony and much feasting. All kingdoms, however, are doomed to revolution, convulsion, or decay; and so it fared with the empire of the three kings of Bermuda, albeit they were monarchs without subjects. In an evil hour, in their search after turtle, among the fissures of the rocks, they came upon a great treasure of ambergris, which had been cast on shore by the ocean. Beside a number of pieces of smaller dimensions, there was one great mass, the largest that had ever been known, weighing eighty pounds, and which of itself, according to the market value of ambergris in those days, was worth about nine or ten thousand pounds!

From that moment, the happiness and harmony of the three kings of Bermuda were gone for ever. While poor devils, with nothing to share but the common blessings of the island, which administered to present enjoyment, and had nothing of convertible value, they were loving and united: but here was actual wealth, which would make them rich men, whenever they could transport it to a market.

Adieu the delights of the island! They now became flat and insipid. Each pictured to himself the consequence he might now aspire to, in civilized life, could he once get there with this mass of ambergris. No longer a poor Jack Tar, frolicking in the low taverns of Wapping, he might roll through London in his coach, and perchance arrive, like Whittington, at the dignity of Lord Mayor.

With riches came envy and covetousness. Each was now for assuming the supreme power, and getting the monopoly of the ambergris. A civil war at length broke out: Chard and Waters defied each other to mortal combat, and the kingdom of the Bermudas was on the point of being deluged with royal blood. Fortunately, Carter took no part in the bloody feud. Ambition might have made him view it with secret exultation; for if either or both of his brother potentates were slain in the conflict, he would be a gainer in purs and ambergris. But he dreaded to be left alone in this uninhabited island, and to find himself the monarch of a solitude: so he secretly purloined and hid the weapons of the belligerent rivals, who, having no means of carrying on the war, gradually cooled down into a sullen armistice.

The arrival of Governor More, with an overpowering force of sixty men, put an end to the empire. He took possession of the kingdom, in the name of the Somers Island Company, and forthwith proceeded to make a settlement. The three kings tacitly relinquished their sway, but stood up stoutly for their treasure. It was determined, however, that they had been fitted out at the expense, and employed in the service, of the Virginia Company; that they had found the ambergris while in the service of that company, and on that company's land; that the ambergris, therefore, belonged to that company, or rather to the Somers Island Company, in consequence of their recent purchase of the island, and all their appurtenances. Having thus legally established their right, and being moreover able to back it by might, the company laid the lion's paw upon the spoil; and nothing more remains on historic record of the Three Kings of Bermuda, and their treasure of ambergris.

The reader will now determine whether I am more extravagant than most of the commentators on Shakspeare, in my surmise that the story of Sir George Somers' shipwreck, and the subsequent occurrences that took place on the uninhabited island, may have furnished the bard with some of the elements of his drama of the

Tempest. The tidings of the shipwreck, and of the incidents connected with it, reached England not long before the production of this drama, and made a great sensation there. A narrative of the whole matter, from which most of the foregoing particulars are extracted, was published at the time in London, in a pamphlet form, and could not fail to be eagerly perused by Shakspeare, and to make a vivid impression on his fancy. His expression, in the Tempest, of "the still vext Bermoothes," accords exactly with the storm-beaten character of those islands. The enchantments, too, with which he has clothed the island of Prospero, may they not be traced to the wild and superstitious notions entertained about the Bermudas? I have already cited two passages from a pamphlet published at the time, showing that they were esteemed "a most prodigious and enchanted place," and the "habitation of divells;" and another pamphlet, published shortly afterward, observes: "And whereas it is reported that this land of the Bermuda, with the islands about, (which are many, at least an hundred,) are enchanted, and kept with evil and wicked spirits, it is a most idle and false report."\*

The description, too, given in the same pamphlet, of the real beauty and fertility of the Bermudas, and of their serene and happy climate, so opposite to the dangerous and inhospitable character with which they had been stigmatized, accords with the eulogium of Sebastian on the island of Prospero:

"Though this island seem to be desert, uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible, it must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperament. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly. Here is every thing advantageous to life. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!"

I think, too, in the exulting consciousness of ease, security, and abundance, felt by the late tempest-tossed mariners, while revelling in the plenteousness of the island, and their inclination to remain there, released from the labours, the cares, and the artificial restraints of civilized life, I can see something of the golden commonwealth of honest Gonzalo:

"Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,  
And were the king of it, what would I do?  
I' the commonwealth I would by contraries  
Execute all things: for no kind of traffic  
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;  
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,  
And use of service, none; contract, succession,  
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:  
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:  
No occupation; all men idle, all

All things in common, nature should produce,  
Without sweat or endeavour: Treason, felony,  
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,  
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,  
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,  
To feed my innocent people."

But above all, in the three fugitive vagabonds who remained in possession of the island of Bermuda, on the departure of their comrades, and in their quarrel about supremacy, on the finding of their treasure, I see typified Sebastian, Trinculo, and their worthy companion Caliban:

"Trinculo, the king and all our company being drowned, we will inherit here."

"Monster, I will kill this man; his daughter and I will be king and queen, (save our graces!) and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys."

I do not mean to hold up the incidents and characters in the narrative and in the play as parallel, or as being strikingly similar: neither would I insinuate that the narrative suggested the play; I would only suppose that Shakspeare, being occupied about that time on the drama of the Tempest, the main story of which, I believe, is of Italian origin, had many of the fanciful ideas of it suggested to his mind by the shipwreck of Sir George Somers on the "still vext Bermoothes," and by the popular superstitions connected with these islands, and suddenly put in circulation by that event.

\* "Newes from the Bermudas:" 1612.

#### COMETS.

BY WILLIAM MITCHELL, OF NANTUCKET.

There is perhaps no department of astronomical science, connected with the solar system, of a nature more interesting than that of Comets, and certainly no one which has so nearly defied the researches and the reasonings of the astronomer. Aside from these bodies, if such they may be called, the greater and the lesser lights have been subjected to rigorous weight and measure, and the solar system is emphatically the beaten way of the astronomer. Comets, however, have presented difficulties so insuperable, that in later times the subject seems to have been nearly abandoned in despair. Impressed forcibly in my youth by the beautiful appearance of the comet of 1807, and, at a riper age, with those of 1811, 1819, 1825, and 1835, visible to the naked eye, and with others, seen at various periods by telescopic aid, I have been led frequently to reflect on the probable nature and physical properties of these erratic objects, and especially on that distinguishing appendage, which by common consent is denominated the tail. In looking over the history of comets, and noting the explanation of the trains, (with which they are for the most part attended) as given by many

distinguished astronomers, at periods very remote from each other, I am constrained to acknowledge, high as the authority unquestionably is, that no one has afforded to my mind the slightest satisfaction. Notwithstanding the great number of writers on this subject, and the diversity of opinions that have been promulgated, there appears to have been only two prevailing theories. The more ancient of these supposed the tails to be formed by the lighter parts being thrown off by the resistance of the ether through which the comet passed. The modern and the more generally prevailing theory is, that these particles are driven off by the impulsive force of the sun's rays. In each of these theories, the tails are supposed to consist of matter. With regard to the former theory, the simple fact that the tail precedes the comet in its course through a portion of its elliptical journey, is a sufficient refutation; and to afford weight or plausibility to the latter, it is necessary to assume that the sun "blows heat and cold with the same breath—in other words, that it attracts and repels with the same *modus operandi*. If we have no evidence of a repulsive force in the sun, to say nothing of a force sufficient to repel the lighter particles of these bodies to a distance from the head of the comet, equal to and sometimes exceeding a hundred million of miles, this theory, to say the least of it, is laboured and unsatisfactory. The length of these trains is far from being exaggerated. Referring to my minutes of the late return of Halley's comet, I find that, at one period, the tail, by direct vision, subtended an angle of twenty degrees, and on some occasions, by oblique vision, more than forty degrees. The tail of the comet of 1689 is said to exceed sixty-eight degrees, and that of the comet of 1680, ninety degrees. Making a proper allowance for the faintness of the extremity of the tail, and the obstruction of the view by the atmosphere of the earth, it is by no means unsafe to conclude that many of them extend some hundreds of millions of miles from the nucleus of the comet.

In view, then, of the last mentioned theory, it is by no means a matter of surprise that Newton, and with him LaPlace and Sir J. Herschel, should entertain the opinion that the more remote particles could never be recalled by the gravitation of the nucleus, and that portions of the tails were at each revolution scattered in space, and hence that comets were continually wasting.

Arago, in speaking of the then anticipated return of Halley's comet in 1835, makes the following remarks:—"It appears probable, that in describing their immense orbits, comets, at each revolution, dissipate in space all the matter which, when they are near the perihelion, is detached from the envelope forming the tail; it is therefore very possible that in time some of them may be entirely dissipated." But these views were not confirmed by the appearance of Halley's comet in 1835, and Arago has with a very becoming candour acknowledged this fact. "If the reader," says he, "will take the trouble to compare what I record of the comet of 1835, with the circumstances of its former apparition, he certainly will not find in this collection of phenomena, the proof that Halley's comet is gradually diminishing. I will even say that if, in a matter so delicate, observations made at very different periods of the year will authorise any positive deduction, that which would most distinctly result from the two passages of 1759 and 1835, would be that the comet had increased in size during that interval. I ought to seize with more eagerness this occasion to combat an error extensively accredited, (a belief in the constant wasting away of comets) because I believe I have somewhat contributed to its dissemination."

The truth is, as I apprehended, that the data on which this conjecture was based, are probably false, and the tails of comets, if the subject is properly investigated, will not be found to consist of matter at all that has the least connection with the comet, but formed by the sun's rays slightly refracted by the nucleus in traversing the envelope of the comet, and uniting in an infinite number of points, beyond it, throwing a stronger than ordinary light on the ethereal medium, near to or more remote from the comet, as the ray from its relative position and direction is more or less refracted.

It is not important to the truth of this hypothesis whether the nucleus be a solid mass or not, so that it be more dense than the surrounding nebulousity, nor yet that the tail be projected in an exact line with the radius vector of the sun and comet, so that it should be nearly so. It is, however, important to its truth, that an ethereal medium should exist, otherwise the reflection of these points would be impossible; also, that the comet should assume the tail as it approaches the sun, and that it should progressively increase in length and brilliancy, the light of the sun increasing in the proportion of the square of the diminution of the distance; again, that the tail should have a cylindrical and hollow appearance, the rays of light being at least partially obstructed by the nucleus, moreover, that the tail should be curved, by the necessary effect of aberration. I apprehend it will be acknowledged that the weight of testimony is decidedly favourable to the fact that the nuclei of comets, though they generally resemble planets in form and brilliancy, may not be solid or opaque, inasmuch as some are unquestionably transparent, and the quantity of matter in all is exceedingly inconsiderable.

Pfessor Struve saw a star of the eleventh magnitude through the Encke comet; Sir William Herschel noticed one of the sixth magnitude through the centre of the comet of 1795; and his illustrious son, in a memoir communicated to the Royal Astronomical Society, mentions that he saw a cluster of stars of the sixteenth magnitude very near the centre of Biela's comet. Notwithstand-

ing this tenuity, an increased density may always be noticed towards the centre of the head, except in a few small comets unaccompanied with trains.

Astronomers of all ages seem to have been inclined to a belief in an ethereal medium, and the present one has afforded a conclusive evidence of its existence, in its effect upon the duration of the revolution of the Encke comet. Professor Encke, in a dissertation on this subject, after giving the minutiae of his observations, very modestly remarks—"If I may be permitted to express my opinion on a subject which for twelve years has incessantly occupied me, in treating which I have avoided no method, however circuitous, no kind of verification, in order to reach the truth, so far as it lay in my power; I cannot consider it otherwise than completely established, that an extraordinary connection is necessary for Pon's\* comet, and equally certain that the principal part of it consists in the increase of the mean motion proportionate to the time." Professor Airy, in an appendix to a translation of Encke's memoir, adds—"I cannot but express my belief, that the principal part of the theory, namely, an effect exactly similar to that which a resisting medium would produce, is perfectly established by the reasoning of Professor Encke." Arago, in speaking of the discrepancy between the result of calculation and observation on the period of the Encke comet, states unhesitatingly that the cause "can be nothing but the resistance of the ether." And Dr. Bowditch, distinguished as he was for cautiousness, fully recognised the effect of an ethereal medium, in the translation of the "Mecanique Celeste." The fact, however, that Halley's comet, at its late return, reached its perihelion later rather than earlier than the calculated time, independent of an allowance for a resisting medium, seems to have created some doubts in reference to the doctrine of resistance: but of the three comets whose periods are certainly known, those of Biela and Encke can only be relied upon as indicating resistance, inasmuch as that of Halley has its aphelion in a region beyond the scan of human power, and the influence of planetary bodies which may exist there, is now, and will perhaps for ever, remain unknown to us. These facts, then, and the concurring opinions of the high authority above quoted, render it nearly unquestionable that there is diffused through the celestial regions an ethereal and exceedingly close medium; nor would it be unreasonable to suppose that this very medium constitutes the solar atmosphere, of which the zodiacal light may be a denser region.

When an opportunity is offered to observe a comet remote from the sun, it is generally found to be unaccompanied with a tail; but as it approaches, the tail begins to appear, and its length and brilliancy increase till it reaches the perihelion of its orbit, and by an illusion, sometimes beyond this point. Although there is some degree of diversity in the forms of the tails of different comets, yet they generally consist of two streams of light, not absolutely distinct from each other. In other words, the borders of the tail are brightest, plainly indicating a hollowness—the line of vision necessarily meeting with the greater number of luminous points on the edges than through the middle. Can any explanation of this hollowness be given, more simple and philosophical, than that the rays of the sun's light are more obstructed by the denser than the rarer portions of the comet?

That there is in these tails, which acquire a considerable length, a slight curve, concave to that portion of the orbit which the orbit has left, there is ample testimony. Now as light is progressive, a portion of time must elapse while the rays of light are passing from the head of the comet to their point of union, and during the period the comet moves onward in its course, and the result necessarily is a gentle or slight curve in the tail, the effect being greater or less, in proportion as the union of rays is more or less distant from the comet. It is manifest that if a ray of light could be traced through its entire course from the sun to a planet, it would present a similar phenomenon, equal in degree if the motion of a planet were swift as that of a comet. The comets of Biela and Encke have no tails, nor is there, strictly speaking, a nucleus in either. That of Encke, during the long period in 1828, when its position was so favourable to observation, had the appearance of a mere film of vapour, nearly circular, but not well defined, and no central, stellar point could be detected with the telescopic power which I employed on that occasion. In fact, all the phenomena of the tails of comets appear to be so well explained by this theory, that I cannot doubt its truth, although nothing like demonstration accompanies it. There are, indeed, optical difficulties which I have been unable to overcome; no one, however, which may not be fairly attributed to our ignorance of the particular physical constitution of these bodies. It is no small confirmation of the truth of this explanation of the tails of comets, that there is not the slightest evidence, worthy of confidence, that the earth which we inhabit has ever been sensibly affected by a visitation from these enormous appendages, while the chance of collision between the earth and the nucleus of a comet, properly so called, is exceedingly small; yet, when we reflect upon the number of comets belonging to our system, the hundreds that range within the earth's orbit, that their paths have every possible inclination to the ecliptic, that these immensely extended trains, projected in a direction from the sun, describe an inconceivable sweep when they are encompassing the sun in the region of their perihelion;—I say, in view of these circumstances, it is difficult to avoid the conjecture, nay, it is exceedingly

\* Called by others Enecke's comet,

probable, that these appendages, in very many instances, have brushed across the surface of our planet, harmlessly and unperceived.—*Siliman's Journal.*

When the following verses appeared, they caused a great sensation. Napoleon had but just descended to the tomb.

THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

At midnight from his grave,  
The drummer woke and rose,  
And beating loud the drum,  
Forth on his errand goes.

Stirr'd by his fleshless arms,  
The drumsticks rise and fall,  
He beats the loud retreat,  
Reveillé and roll-call.

So strangely rolls that drum,  
So deep it echoes round,  
Old soldiers in their graves  
To life start at the sound.

Both they in farthest north  
Stiff in the ice that lay,  
And who, too warm, repose,  
Beneath Italian clay.

Below the mud of Nile,  
And 'neath the Arabian sand,  
Their burial-place they quit,  
And soon to arms they stand.

And at midnight from his grave  
The trumpeter arose,  
And mounted on his horse,  
A loud, shrill blast he blows.

On airy coursers then,  
The cavalry are seen,  
Old Squadrons, erst renowned,  
Gory and washed, I ween.

Beneath the casque their blanched skulls,  
Smile grim, and proud their air,  
As in their bony hands  
Their long, sharp swords they bear!

And at midnight from his tomb,  
The chief awoke and rose,  
And followed by his staff  
With slow steps, on he goes.

A little hat he wears,  
A coat quite plain has he,  
A little sword for arms,  
At his left side hangs free.

O'er the vast plain, the moon  
A palmy lustre threw,  
The man with the little hat  
The troops goes to review.

The ranks present their arms,  
Deep rolls the drum the while;  
Recovering then—the troops  
Before the chief defile.

Captains and Generals round  
In circles formed appear;  
The chief, to the first a word  
Now whispers in his ear.

The word goes round the ranks,  
Resounds along the line;  
That word they give, is—*France*,  
The answer—*St. Helene*.

'Tis there at midnight hour  
The grand review they say,  
Is by dead Cæsar held  
In the *Champs Elysées*.

From the Morning Despatch.

YANKEE EDITORS IN GOTHAM.

"Almost every press in this city has in it some very clever gentleman from Down East, which fact, while it gives so much superiority and interest to the New York press, would admonish us not to draw down a hornet's nest about our ears, by supposing that Boston folks are not always to have the preference."—*Star.*

The above set us to thinking; and counting upon our fingers, we find the *Star* is more than half right about the number of onion eaters that have wormed themselves in here, despite the ghosts of the old Dutch Governors and their descendants. Beginning at the post office, with the *Express*, we find them all Yankee "down-

cast." Pass on to the *Tattler*, and the editors are from Boston and Portland; the *Whig* editor is from New Hampshire; the *Sun* folks, with one exception, are down east; the *Despatch*, with no exception, do. do.; the *Signal*, Yankee entire; the *Herald* money articles and ship news are done by two Yankees, and the rest of its people are from places unknown; the senior editor of the *Commercial* is Yankee; the editors of the *Evening Post* do.; the *Gazette* senior is Connecticut; the *Journal of Commerce* is thoroughly Yankee; the assistant editor of the *Courier and Enquirer* is a Yankee; and thus we can count twelve among the dailies, and dare say there are more. The *Star*, *American*, and *Times*, and the two *Eras*, are the only uninfected papers—but of the *Times* we are not sure.

Pass to the weeklies. General Morris's right hand man and active editor in the *Mirror* is a Yankee. The *Spirit of the Times* is Yankee. The *Corsair*, ditto. *New Yorker*, do. *N. Y. Observer*, do.; and most of the religious papers. The *Ladies' Companion* is in Yankee hands—all except the proprietor. The editor of the *Knickerbocker* is a Yankee. The *New York Review* is in New England hands. Hunt, of the *Merchant's Magazine*, is Yankee, and no mistake. But we have not time to go farther, though we might; and as to re-printing all the Yankee names of literary loafers, and business-men, who are of Yankee extraction, resident in this city, we cannot do it, without invading old father Longworth's Directory copyright.

New England is the Scotland of these United States. The jealousy might say that the Jonathans are driven away from home to forage. Happen that how it may, we find York pretty considerable of a nice place; and if agreeable to the *Star*, we reckon upon stopping a while, and making ourselves "to home." "Nothing like leather," as they say, "in the town where we come from." It is sleek and soft, and pliable, and will sit snug anywhere, like cod fish vertebrae in the eyelet holes of a Cape Cod mermaid's corsets. With marline or cod line for lacings, they get a mighty strong purchase on Sunday to their lace-ups, and brace up perpendicular till they bend backwards.

To go back to leather. Nobody is so like leather as the Yankees. They carry the injunction, to do in Rome as Romans do, wherever they land. They learn to make themselves useful from the time that they drive the cows home, while they are yet but knee high to that quadruped, until the hour when they are called to give up their "reckonings," "calculations," and surmises, for the right down sure certainty of death.

That is the secret of the Yankee's success. "Hang the fellow," a Southerner may say—"but he's useful, and I can't do without him." "Any work for a fellow?" said a fresh imported specimen across our counter the other day. "No," was the answer. "You don't know of any body round here that wouldn't like to hire nobody, do you?" "No." Still the chap hung about the counter. The clerk's attention was called away, and upon returning, he found the chap as busy folding penny papers as if hired by the "I waited." "But who told you to wait?" "Oh, nobody said I shouldn't, and I didn't know but something might turn up if I did—but if you're so mighty stuck up, I won't charge any thing for what I have done. Good morning—and I hope you'll be here when I come back." So he walked, and we'll bet he has wormed himself into a situation before this time. If he has not, it is no fault of his own, at any rate; and, if he has, his employer finds no fault with him, we'll be bound.

RAMAH—BEER OR BEEROOTH—BETHEL.—All Judea, except the hills of Hebron and the vales immediately about Jerusalem, is desolate and barren, but the prospect brightens as soon as you quit it, and Samaria and Galilee still smile like the land of promise. The road from Jerusalem northward is, at first, extremely ugly, hilly, and stony. At some distance to the left, as you leave the city, rises the hill of Jamuele, supposed to be the ancient Ramah; that name, however, was given by Punch to some ruins on a hill to the right, at two hours from Jerusalem. I cannot express to you my delight and surprise when he uttered the word with the full intonation of his Arab lungs, it startled me like the firing of a pistol; but the Arabs have, in instances innumerable, retained the scriptural names of places,—and no wonder, for both by blood and language they are Hebrews. At three hours and a half from Jerusalem, we encamped at Beer, or Beeri, as the Arabs pronounced it, supposed to be Michmash, but is it not rather Beeroth? This is generally, and I think with probability, considered to be the place where the caravan halted, returning from Jerusalem, and Joseph and Mary missed our Saviour. Two hours beyond it, next morning, and near the village Anabroot, we entered on some of the loveliest scenery I ever beheld, olive and fig gardens, vineyards and cornfields, overspreading the valleys and terracing on the hills, alternating with waste ground, overgrown with the beautiful prickly oak, and lovely wild flowers. One rocky vale struck us as particularly beautiful; we were in the neighbourhood of Bethel. I anxiously inquired for it of the Arabs, but in vain. I did not then remember the prophecy: "Seek not Bethel, Bethel shall come to naught." In fact not a trace, not even a tradition, remains of its existence.—*Lord Lindsay's Letters on the Holy Land.*

Time tries the characters of men, as the furnace assays the quality of metals, by disengaging the impurities, dissipating the superficial glitter, and leaving the sterling gold bright and pure.

From the Louisville Literary Messenger.

## A TALE OF INDIANA.

The incidents which I am about to relate, are not drawn from imagination, but facts. They form an act of the never-ending drama of human villainy.

'This is indeed a wild night,' said Charles Gray to his wife, as they sat before the blazing hearth of an Indian log cabin—while the winds wailed around the roof, and went sounding through the forest.

'Wildier than I ever knew,' observed the wife, 'and, Charles, how thankful we should be to our Maker that he has given us this close cabin and warm fire to protect us from the rude elements.'

'Thankful!' and Charles Gray's brow assumed a scowl, which of itself spoke the demon in his heart. 'Thankful, wife! you mock me! What is this cabin to the luxurious comforts of the town folks whom we used to see in New York, rolling through the streets in their cushioned carriages, or reclining on silk sofas, and laughing at the ragged beggars that claimed their charity!—Thankful!'

Mary did not reply. She feared him when in these moods, and was too judicious to irritate him even by words which she intended to be soothing. For what are words, though breathed from a seraph's lute, or syllabled by angel's lip, to one whose soul has become absorbed in the love of unacquired wealth.

Charles was a native of New York, and had been left a handsome fortune—but prompted by avarice and too impatient to continue in the safe business in which he began, joined with others of an equally avaricious disposition in a speculation, which at first proved promising, but entirely failed, and left many an ardent dreamer a ruined man. Charles in this mad affair had embarked his all. He was left without house or friends, for friends are often bound by golden chains alone. He determined, with his wife, to emigrate to Indiana, of whose fertile soil, broad streams, genial climate, and noble forests, so much was said.

With a bitter spirit he bade farewell to home, and with a small amount of money, raised by the sale of his wife's jewels, sought the almost untrodden wilds of the west. With this small amount of cash, he purchased a few acres of ground on the Ohio river, where the beautiful and splendid town of — is now standing. For a short period he laboured assiduously on his small farm, and cheered by the smiles of a lovely and devoted wife, seemed to forget his misfortunes. A short time before our narrative opened, Charles had visited L—, as a hand in a flat boat, the only species of water craft then used to convey goods and produce down the river. Whilst he was there he met several of those who had failed in the speculation which had ruined himself.

But whilst he had remained poor, they by some means had revived their fortunes and settled on the Ohio, where they were carrying on a brisk business. Charles returned home an altered man. For whole days he would sit idle and discontented. His sleep was disturbed by dreams of gold, in vain did that beautiful uncomplaining wife endeavour to frighten the fiend from his bosom. It was like one solitary star trying to dissipate the darkness of the storm-tossed ocean.

Wildier yet roared the storm through the crashing woods, and Charles was still brooding over his imaginary wrongs, when a 'halloo' was heard outside the little enclosure which surrounded the cabin.

Mary sprang to the door, and after scrutinizing the traveller, for such the intruder was, by the light of a bark torch which she held over her head, invited him into her rustic room.

In a moment a gentleman of rather a slight stature, bearing a portmanteau in his hand, entered and gave the usual salutation. Mary called her husband to attend to the traveller, but neither by words nor gesture did he exhibit signs of having heard her until the stranger's portmanteau, upon touching the floor, spoke to his sordid soul of gold. The demon was aroused, but he wore a smiling face.

'Welcome, stranger, welcome!' exclaimed Gray, in so hurried and strange a manner, that the traveller started back a few paces in surprise; but quickly recovering himself, exchanged salutations, and seated himself on a rude chair already placed for his convenience before the fire.

Conversation soon commenced, nor was it interrupted until the night had far advanced towards the dawn. George Somers was also, he said, a native of New York, and from the neighbourhood in which Charles Gray had lived. He informed Gray that he had sold his property in the East, and emigrated to the 'El Dorado,' to speculate in lands, having with him a large sum of money for that purpose.

At last they all retired to rest. The traveller to sleep—Gray to brood over the wealth of his guest. What fearful thoughts passed through the brain of the wretch that night! How often did his eyes wander to the hunting knife! Once he was about leaving the bed, when a slight motion of his wife in her slumbers deterred him from his murderous intent. Whose but the pencil of a demon could paint the fears—the hopes—the dark resolves of the wretched Gray, while the wearied guest slept but a few paces from him, in that peace which virtue and weariness alone can give?

The morning came, and glowing from his ocean couch arose the sun, gilding the distant bluffs and surrounding forests with colours drawn alone from the pallet of heaven. His beams shone down

upon the cottage, yet unstained with blood, and aroused the sleepers. Did the evil spirit slumber in Gray's bosom?

The simple breakfast was soon over, and Somers asked Gray to set him on the first road to M—. With a blandness worthy the days when he stood a respectable merchant behind a city desk, he informed Mr. Somers that he would accompany him a part of his journey, and under pretence of killing some game, shouldered his rifle and led the way. For some time they walked together, whilst renewing boyhood remembrances—remembrances which called to mind many a spot hallowed by childhood sports and parental affection.

They had thus proceeded about three miles, and arriving among those beautiful bluffs on the Ohio, since rendered celebrated by a deed which has given a name to a small crystal stream which dashes over a precipice some hundred feet deep. A bird swept over their heads, and wheeling on its light wings, lit on the bough of a majestic oak—which bears the name of many an ardent lover of nature. Gray asked the traveller to move onward, while he attempted to bring down his game. Somers complied, and, unsuspecting, left Gray behind.

A sharp rifle crack rung through the woods, and a shriek mingled in its echoes. The host was a murderer for money. Blood may be shed for revenge, and our sympathy may be excited for the assassin—but who can find a chord in his heart from which pity may draw a note of feeling from him, who, with blood-stained fingers, holds the glittering coin before his eager eyes.

Gray soon disposed of the body by hurling it over the precipice. As it went lumbering through the scrubs and jagged rocks that lined the chasm, he perhaps felt remorse, but it was but for a moment. With eager hand he opened the portmanteau, and rolling out the shining coin upon the leaves, for some minutes he gloated over his wealth, for the country was almost uninhabited, and his demon spirit could rejoice in its riches undisturbed.

On returning home he deposited his ill-gotten gold in the chest. His wife heard the ringing of the coin, and her quick mind told her that Charles Gray, her husband, to whom her heart had confided, was a murderer. She fainted. The wretch heeded her not, but gloomily seated himself before the fire. From the floor on which she had fallen, Mary rose an altered woman. The rose fled from her cheek, and a grave in the forest, marked by a simple stone, tells where lies the broken-hearted wife. Peace to her memory! She has gone where the blue streams were never crimsoned with blood—where the dagger never flashes over the head of the devoted wayfarer.

Charles Gray became a rich man. His lands, broad and fertile, bore luxuriant harvests. A tall mansion arose among those old woods to shelter the murderer's head. Strange to tell, he lived unsuspected. No one cared for the emigrant in the country from which he came.

Years rolled away. Villages arose on the ruin of that mighty forest. The steamer was heard with its perpetual thunder and lightning ascending and descending the beautiful Ohio, and lovely residences, like gems, summoned up by the enchanter's wand from the earth's bosom, studded the surface of the silver river. The suspicious mind of Gray, for the wicked are always suspicious, rendered him fearful of discovery, as emigrants were crowding into the State, and entering the land in the most unfrequented spots. The bones of Somers were still exposed; if they were found by any one rambling through the bluffs, the dark affair might be investigated, and he meet with his just deserts. Sallying forth one evening, he sought the wild precipice, and descended by the aid of ropes to the spot where laid his victim. The moon burned in the midnight sky with the lustre she only wears on a winter night, when the snow reflects her brightness, and earth seems to wear the pearly robe of angels. One by one the stars had appeared through the rich arch above, and around the hills swept the glorious river; for nature is still lovely; though for a few moments her beautiful form may bear the record of crime there placed by man. A young gentleman named Charles Wilson, who was returning from a visit to his "lady love," passed by the precipice; and observing the ropes attached to the tree which stood by his path, endeavoured to trace the spot where they ended. After a narrow search, he saw them hanging against a rock that formed the base of a chasm round which the waters swept their crystal current.

In a few moments the young man perceived the form of one whom he immediately recognised as that of Gray, by his tall and muscular figure. He was gathering up some white substance in a bag. At last he seemed to have concluded his task, and throwing the bag over his neck and shoulders, attached the strings to his neck and body, and commenced his ascent. By grasping the rocks with his hands whenever they afforded a sufficient protruding surface—and planting his foot firmly in the fissures—Gray had succeeded in climbing half way up the chasm, when stopping to rest, the shaly rock crumbled under his feet. The murderer made violent struggles to sustain his position, but losing his balance, he plunged headlong into the gulf. One wild shriek told that the soul of the wretch had gone to judgment. And there lay the bleached skeleton of his victim! "Retribution" had pealed forth from the throne of the avenging God, and the spirit of Gray stood before his Maker.

A wise man's kingdom is his own breast: or, if he ever look farther, it will only be to the judgement of a select few, who are free from prejudices, and capable of giving solid and substantial advice.

From an English Periodical.

## A SUNDAY MORNING AT CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

As a boy, first I went to New York, then a quiet small town compared to what it is now; then to India, China, Japan; then back again home. Again and again to America, walked up and down Chestnut-street in Philadelphia, and farmed for a moment on a little estate (which I was eventually cheated out of) at German Town—the Turnham Green or rather the Brentford, of Philadelphia. Once more across the Atlantic, home; next, a good long spell (a couple of lustres) in France—which were idled, lost, thrown away, in Paris; as the green episode to this unprofitable desert in time, I trudged over the Alps and Pyrenees, and, having walked a thousand leagues in *la Belle Italia*, seen all her towns, her animated men, women, and children, and her inanimate and glorious old marbles, I began to think I had played the fool long enough. I say the fool, for what was all this to the serious purpose or business of life? I had neither planted a tree, nor built a house, nor been of the smallest use to a citizen of my own country. I absolutely dare not look a good sturdy greengrocer or milkman steadily in the face in my own parish (if I may presume to claim any parish) not a hundred miles from Walham Green, so much is my mere utility below theirs.

Thus, from rambling about the world, I have now (bringing myself to a small helm by gentle turns) reduced myself to rambling about our suburban roads. I walk to Fulham, pay my halfpenny, and have a good satisfactory look at the river up and down: if there is a steamboat going along, to or from Richmond, so much the better. Then I see what o'clock it is by Putney church, which out of deference I confirm by the Fulham one, which seems to me to look the greater of the two, though it is not so high in the world; perhaps because it has a bishop so near it. Besides that Fulham contains a clever fellow or two, and has the advantage of its airy rival over the water of being so much nearer town, and possessing its own self all the omnibusses! and is besides independent of the most merciless bridge (in making us lieges fork out) on the whole Thames! Sometimes I foot it through Old Brompton to Kensington, and lounge for an hour in those beauteous gardens, where you and I, with all our gravity, cannot help admiring the divinities of the green sward—particularly on Tuesdays and Fridays, when the wood-notes wild are replaced by sweet harmonies extracted from the Knightsbridge barracks.

On other days I take the King's Road line, cross Battersea's obliging bridge; or, not imposing on its good nature (for it charges nothing,) wander down Cheyne Walk, and sit on a bench right opposite the Don Saltero coffee-house, while I am regarded perchance by the juvenile band of the Chelsea Royal Military Schoolboys, as they march along to or from their extensive play-ground in Battersea fields. These boys bring me home to my subject (after having taken you a good round) to their fathers and grandfathers at Chelsea, where, too, I extend my walk down Paradise Row, led as much by the influence of genius as my own inclination, and the interest one must now and then brighten up, which points to those venerable old soldiers. Thanks to such men as Mr. Gleig, our clay is infused by the Promethean spark—awakened, if not fired. I read a little, and I read his last excellent work, his "Traditions of Chelsea Hospital," which with stern truth he has still invested with poetic interest. How much has he obliged the College and the Court! How much should all the English world be obliged to him!

I should have thought myself a very lout if I had not walked to church, at his chapel, the very first bright Sunday, as I did, taking care to be there in good time, that is, a quarter before eleven; when these respectable veterans, after forming in the quadrangular court, march quietly into chapel to their devotions.

I got a very good seat beside the men, who sat on cross-benches in the body of the chapel, exclusively theirs; and, as there are no pews for the public, and only narrow ones round the sides, as far as near the altar, filled, I conclude, by the various officers of the establishment, in plain clothes, with their wives and families, together with some occupied by the Captains and Sergeants of the men, there was no further room except a bench running round outside the pews, filled by strangers like myself, and servants, perhaps of the College. If I felt any awkwardness, thus side by side with these old soldiers, it was alone that of the fear of encroaching on their comfort. There were about two hundred present, with evidently not much room to spare; and I conclude, when in great numbers, they must occupy the side bench where I sat on sufferance, rather than any right strangers have to intrude. One of the Sergeants officiated at the door as pew-opener, but it was not in his power to open any one for me; nor do I mention it as a disappointment that he did not on my application. Heaven knows in asking I did not consult my own, but the opinion among us in general, from which, if a man, not evidently of the lower class, sits on one side, or on the nave benches, he is remarked. In this distinction, I think, we are behind the grand, the awful, the solemn dignity and earnestness of the continent, which cannot at such a time, praying to the Almighty—cannot stoop to our small temporary distinctions, nor to the home comforts of velvets and soft cushions. Hence the churches are a vast whole; nobody is anybody, and somebody is nobody—after the constituted authorities occupy their stalls, *pro forma*, and out of respect to the law and government abstractedly—not to persons.

Mr. Gleig, speaking of the proportions of this chapel, calls them fine. They may be so, but to me it seemed much too narrow for its length. He says the painting of the altar is not without certain merit. I can assure him it has very great merit. There is a sublimity about its conception, and a freedom and breadth in the drawing and shades, which are remarkable, and render any more minute criticism of very secondary importance. Here my praises of the interior embellishments stop short. There is nothing to admire or condemn, and if ever so incongruous a thing can by possibility be placed with propriety in the house of God, consecrated to meek and christian worship, as those ensigns of blood—flags taken in battle, it is here, where they speak to the pride necessarily, and not to the understandings of men, whose business was to fight.

In St. Paul's (to me) they are hateful, as they would be in Westminster.—They show a vain boast at best; but when drooping in rags, in cowbells, and dust, I'd as soon hang mine enemy's bones I had slain in gibbets before my eyes, constantly to remind me of my prowess, or the chances. But, if strong custom holds, let me have a temple consecrated to Mars and War, that it might not at any rate shock consistency. The fashion came to us from the continent, where it is certainly more in keeping. We have felt the impropriety of drums, fixed bayonets, and marchings in our churches, and have banished them, and so in time will these fatal emblems of the chances and misery of war be banished to a more congenial temple, where our pride of arms and pride of country, dear as it is to us, may be consistently indulged in. But even this sort of pride, methinks, is but poorly gratified or sustained by such helps particularly where it descends from an eagle of the *vielle garde*, or the "*dix-neuvieme de la ligne*," obliterated as they are, to the small colours of such and such village's "volunteer corps."

From the interior, let me now turn to the exterior. The front court to the river, and the lower grounds, or garden, are extremely pleasant, and made as much of as their situation and extent will allow. Passing through the great eastern wing of the chief building, and skirting along the line of dwellings and offices of the civilians of the establishment, the Ranelagh gate is reached, which, besides one of the entrances to the college, leads to the old avenue of elms (or limes), up which, landing at the extremity, our beaux and belles used to skip to Ranelagh's musical promenade, and to the garden lately given to the veterans for their advantage and amusement. Half of it lies on a gentle elevation, the lower part reaching to the canal. Turning back, one admires the neat arrangement and care displayed in the 169 little plots into which it is divided (six yards square each). Some to flowers incline, some to vegetables, some to fruits, and some have a pleasant mixture of all three. Returning up the centre walk one comes to a little kind of neat thatched summer house—their temple of repose—where they may sit and contemplate their handiwork. On the wall over their heads, on a marble or slate slab, are these sturdy lines, which, if not the happiest in the world, at least are happily enough placed here, where neither the harmony, nor the measure, nor the poetry, are likely to be criticised;—

"Batter'd with war in many a hard campaign,  
Though the main'd soldier quit the martial plain,  
Fancy restores him to the battle's rage,  
And temporary youth inflames his age:  
Again he fights the foe—counts o'er his scars—  
Though Chelsea's now the seat of all his wars:  
And, fondly hanging o'er the lengthen'd tale,  
Reslays his thousands o'er a mug of ale:  
The veteran hero cries—with erected crest—  
'Twas for my King! Well I have done my best."

This garden, which is so properly and happily added to the comforts of the pensioners by Lord John Russell, has been made out of a useless field, which bounded this end of the College-grounds, and led formerly to the rotunda of Ranelagh, the site of which is now occupied by a largish private house, on the other side of the garden-wall, and a lane leading to the water. At the Ranelagh Gate there is a serjeant's guard and a sentry, as there is at the inner gate leading immediately into the garden, where strangers are not allowed to enter, except by an order from some of the officers of the hospital, or perhaps the serjeant at the gate. I had a long talk with the serjeant on duty. He had served all over the world; but what struck me most was the intelligence and manly bearing of the man I spoke to: indeed to this Mr. Gleig has borne ample and interesting testimony in his "Traditions," where he often, with his usual taste, allows his heroes to speak for themselves.

After musing up and down the old shady avenue, loitering about among the little neat enclosures of the body of the garden, and lastly, sitting a moment in the poetic temple, where I would fain have repeated the last line over my head—

"Well I have done my best!"

had not the words, alas! "stuck in my throat." I bent my way homewards, still musing on what I had seen—on what I had heard. I felt that I was something the better man for it, and something the wiser. There was some little virtue (though very small) in walking two miles to church; and going to see, with my senses awakened to its great interest, what I had seen so often and often before without notice—without a single thought beyond that of the crowd who daily pass through the railed passage in the grounds of the back front of the building, on their way to the Chelsea bun-house or Pimlico's famed ale.

For the Pearl.

#### DYING IN SPRING.

Bright skies are o'er thee shining,  
Soft breezes fan thy brow;  
Yet thou art inly pining  
With secret sorrow now.  
Fair flowers are springing round thee,  
In forest, field, and bower;  
But Spring's bright hues have found thee,  
Thyself, a fading flower.

Where hearts have beat the lightest,  
Thine own has beat most light;  
Where smiles have shone the brightest,  
Thine own have shone most bright:  
But now a cloud is o'er thee—  
Thy young cheek's bloom hath flown—  
And life may ne'er restore thee  
The joys which thou hast known!

Not now thy footstep boundeth  
Amongst the opening flowers;  
Not now thy sweet voice soundeth  
As oft in former hours.  
Thy breast is sadly sighing—  
Thy harp is all unstrung—  
And thou in Spring art dying,  
Our beautiful and young!

Queen's Co. 1839.

JOHN McPHERSON.

#### PALACES OF KARNAC AND LUXOR, U. EGYPT.

"Above Kous, for some miles, is a sandy plain, after which the rocks approach close to the river. Beyond a projecting point, however, the view opens upon a scene to which the world presents nothing parallel; an extensive plain, covered almost throughout its whole extent with the most amazing ruins. This is Thebes; the city of the hundred gates, that mighty capital, the foundation of which is unknown in history, and belongs only to the dim ages of traditionary poetry, whose report would have been denounced as fabulous, had not such mighty monuments proved that it fell short of the reality. This work of the first age of the world almost eclipses, as to grandeur, all that art and power have since produced. At first, the observer sees only a confusion of portals, obelisks, and columns, all of gigantic size, towering above the palm trees. Gradually he is able to distinguish, on the Eastern or Arabian side, the palaces of Karnac or Luxor; on the Western or Syrian side, Medinet, Ava, the Memnonium, and the tombs cut in the mountain behind.

"Karnac surpasses in grandeur every other structure in Thebes and in the world. The French engineers on horseback were an hour and a half in performing its circuit, which they therefore conceive, cannot be less than three miles. On the Northeast entrance the Egyptians appear to have lavished all their magnificence. The approach is by a long avenue of Sphynxes, the largest of any in Egypt, leading to a succession of portals with colossal statues in front. These structures are distinguished, not only by the grandeur of their dimensions, but by the variety of the materials. A calcareous stone, compact like marble, a variegated siliceous limestone, beautiful, rose-coloured and black marbles of Syene have been severally used. Most points of view present only the image of a general overthrow, rendering it difficult to distinguish Karnac, as a series of regular edifices. Across these vast ruins appear only fragments of architecture, trunks of broken columns, mutilated colossal statues, obelisks, some fallen, others majestically erect; immense halls, whose roofs are supported by a forest of columns, portals and propylaea, surpassing in magnitude all similar structures. From the West, this chaos assumes an orderly appearance; and the almost endless series of portals, gates, and halls, appear arranged in regular succession, and harmonising with each other. When the plan is thoroughly understood, its regularity appears wonderful, and the highest admiration is excited by the arrangement and symmetry of all the parts of this vast edifice.

"Not only the general extent, but all the particular features, of this extraordinary structure, are distinguished by a magnitude elsewhere unparalleled. There are two obelisks of 69, and one of 91 feet high; this, the loftiest of any in Egypt, is adorned with sculptures of perfect execution. The principal hall is 318 feet long, and 159 broad, having the roof still supported by 134 columns. These are about 70 feet high, and 11 feet in diameter; and a long avenue of others have all, except one, fallen down entire, and lie on the ground still ranged in their primitive order. All the sculptures are adorned with colours, which, though they ought, it would seem, to have experienced the ravages of time, shine still with the brightest lustre. Of the large Sphynxes, fifty are still remaining, and there are traces which show that the whole avenue once contained 600. The palace itself is entered with great difficulty, and its interior, being dark and filled with rubbish, presents few objects to attract the attention; but on reaching the roof, the spectator enjoys a distinct and most magnificent view of the whole range of surrounding ruins. All who have viewed this scene describe the impression made by it as almost superior to that caused by any other earthly object. According to Denon, the whole French ar-

my, on coming in sight, stood still, struck as it were with an electric shock. The scene, according to Jollois and Devilliers, appears to be rather the produce of an imagination surrounding itself with images of a fantastic grandeur, than anything belonging to a real existence. Belzoni, in particular, declares that the most sublime ideas which can be formed from the most magnificent specimens of our present architecture, would give a very inadequate picture of these ruins. It appeared to him that he was entering a city of departed giants. He seemed alone in the midst of all that was most sacred in the world. The forest of enormous columns, adorned all around with beautiful figures and various ornaments; the high portals seen at a distance from the openings to this vast labyrinth of edifices; the various groups of ruins in the other temples; these, altogether, had such an effect upon his mind, as to separate him in imagination from the rest of mortals. For some time he seemed unconscious whether he was on terrestrial ground, or on some other planet.

"If Karnac is unrivalled in the grandeur and extent of its remains, the temple of Luxor, as a single and beautiful object, seems superior to any thing else in Egypt. The view from the river is peculiarly beautiful, when, across the verdant islands with which it is studded, appears a white plain covered with palm trees, over which these colossal masses throw their shadows; while, behind, the Arabian Mountain chain forms the boundary of the landscape. The approach is through the village of Luxor, whose crowded and miserable huts form a strange contrast with these monuments of ancient splendour. At length the portico appears, by the sides of which are seen two of the most beautiful obelisks in the world, each rising to the height of eighty feet, yet composed of a single block of the finest granite from the quarries of Syene. By what means such colossal masses were conveyed to so great a distance, and placed in their present position, surpasses the conception of modern art. Behind them are two colossal statues, now studiously defaced and deeply sunk in the sand, but which must have been forty feet high, and composed of a single block of the same granite. The propylon is 200 feet in height, rising fifty-seven feet above the present level of the soil. The interior is equally grand. It presents to the view upwards of two hundred columns of different dimensions, many of them ten feet in diameter, and most in an entire state. But nothing is more remarkable in this edifice than the profusion of sculptures with which the obelisks, the walls, and all the apartments are covered. These, indeed, are favourite ornaments on all the Egyptian edifices, and remarkably frequent in the palace of Karnac; but they occur here in unexampled profusion, and executed with as much care and delicacy as if they had been the work of the most skillful Seal Engraver. They appear to represent the history and triumphs of an ancient Egyptian sovereign, probably the founder of the edifice. One compartment, in particular, exhibits a great battle, in which the Egyptians, armed with bows and arrows, gain a complete victory over their Asiatic enemies, armed with the spear and the javelin. The forms of pursuit and retreat, the attitudes of the victors, the wounded, and the dying, are so varied and striking, that Mr. Hamilton imagines it probable, this, and a similar representation at Karnac, may have furnished Homer with materials for many of the varied descriptions with which his narrative is filled. In another compartment, the conqueror is represented as seated on his throne, while the captive monarch is fastened to a car, and the chiefs are treated with all that studied and ruthless cruelty which the ancient laws of war were supposed to authorize."

EXTRAORDINARY COMPETITION.—Three gentlemen, well known in the fashionable world, have made a wager, the oddity of which is likely to give rise to considerable amusement. The first of the parties is to drive a stage coach; the second is to walk through the country as an itinerant melodist; and the third is to perform four principal dramatic characters, two in tragedy and two in comedy. The greater part of the money obtained by these eccentric adventurers, in their several pursuits, is to be devoted to charitable purposes. The competitor who obtains the largest sum by his exertions, is to be the winner of the wager, which is to the amount of several thousands. We have not heard the "whereabouts" of the Jehu and the Apollo, but it is said that the dramatic aspirant is to make his debut at Edinburgh, and that he will afterwards appear at other provincial theatres. If the report we have heard of his talents proves correct, he will probably complete his career in London, by performing a few nights at one of the great winter theatres.

MATTHEW CAREY AND HIS WIFE.—She had no dowry but that of prudence, intelligence, and industry, and these are far richer than any other that can be bestowed. She had united herself to a man, whose whole fortune consisted of a few hundred dollars' worth of furniture, and some back numbers of his magazine, comparatively valueless, as soon as the work was abandoned. But what of that? Both husband and wife had minds filled with good common sense. They had no false pride to retard their efforts. They were persevering and economical, and together they resolved to make their way in the world. "We early," says the husband, "formed a determination to indulge in no unnecessary expense, and to mount the ladder so slowly, as to run no risk of having to descend." What a salutary example is here written in one sentence, for the young of our day! How altered is the mode of beginning the marriage life now-a-days. Large rents, expensive establishments, unlimited

debts, "roust and rounds of fashion," are at once launched into; and the young couple live on, so long as petty shifts, contrivances, and deceptions, will sustain them, and then sink into hopeless misery, from which, perchance, they never recover. "Daughters tenderly reared, and who have brought handsome fortunes to their husbands, are often obliged to return home to their aged parents, who have to maintain them, their husbands and their children—a deplorable fate for old age. Fathers have the unspeakable misery of beholding their sons, in whom the hopes of after years were centred, broken down, indolent, reckless, dissipated—hanging on society as pests and nuisances, instead of becoming ornaments and examples of it."

#### PRIZE ESSAY ON ARDENT SPIRITS.

(Continued from page 38.)

Most appalling evidence is afforded by the history of the cholera, of the pernicious influence of intoxicating liquors in preparing the human constitution for its attack. In India, Ramohun Fingee, a native physician, declares that 'people who do not take spirits or opium do not catch the disorder, even when they are with those who have it.' In the army, under the command of the Marquis of Hastings, in India, consisting of eighteen thousand men more than half of the men died in the first twelve days; the free use of intoxicating liquors in a hot climate will assist in explaining this extraordinary mortality.

In China, according to Dr. Reiche, 'the disease selected its victims from among such of the people as live in filth and intemperance.'

Mr. Huber, who saw 2160 perish in twenty-five days in one town in Russia, says, 'It is a most remarkable circumstance, that persons given to drinking have been swept away like flies. In Tiflis, containing 20,000 inhabitants, every drunkard has fallen! all are dead—not one remains.'

A physician of Warsaw says, 'that the disease spared all those who led regular lives, and resided in healthy situations; whereas, they whose constitutions had been broken down by excess and dissipation, were invariably attacked. Out of one hundred individuals destroyed by cholera, it was proved that ninety had been addicted to the free use of ardent spirits.'

In Paris, of the 30,000 persons destroyed by cholera, it is said that a great proportion were intemperate or profligate.

It has been computed that 'five sixths of all who have fallen by this disease in England, were taken from the ranks of the intemperate and dissolute.

Dr. Rhineland, who visited Montreal during the prevalence of cholera there in the summer of 1832, says, 'that the victims of the disease are the intemperate—it invariably cuts them off.' In that city, after there had been twelve hundred cases of the malady, a Montreal journal states, that 'not a drunkard who has been attacked has recovered, and almost all the victims have been at least moderate drinkers.'

Dr. Sewall of Washington city, while on a visit to the cholera hospitals in the city of New York, the same season, writes to a friend, that 'of 204 cases of cholera in the Park Hospital, there were only six temperate persons, and that those had recovered, while 122 of the others, when he wrote, had died;' and that the facts were 'similar in all the other hospitals.'

In Albany, the same season, cholera prevailed for several weeks, attended with a severe mortality; and it is a remarkable fact, that during its whole period it is not known that more than two individuals, out of the five thousand members of Temperance Societies in that city, became its victims.

Water is the natural and proper drink of man. Indeed it is the grand beverage of organized nature. It enters largely into the composition of the blood, and juices of animals and plants, forms an important ingredient in their organized structures, and bears a fixed and unalterable relation to their whole vital economy. It was the only beverage of the human family in their primeval state.

In that garden, where grew 'every tree pleasant to the sight and good for food,' producing all the richness and variety of 'fruit and flower,' which an omnipotent and all-bountiful Creator could adapt to the relish of his senses, and the exigencies of his entire organization, it cannot for a moment be doubted that man was in a condition the best suited to secure to him the uninterrupted, as well as the highest and best exercise and enjoyment, of his physical, mental, and moral powers. His drink was water. A river flowed from Paradise. From the moment that river began to 'water the garden,' till the present, no human invention has equalled this simple beverage; and all the attempts to improve it by the admixture of other substances, whether alcoholic, narcotic, or aromatic have not only failed, but have served to deteriorate or poison it, and render it less healthful and safe.

Water is as well adapted to man's natural appetite, as to the physical wants of his organs. A natural thirst, and the pleasure derived from its gratification, were given us to secure to the vital machinery the supply of liquid necessary to its healthy movements. When this natural thirst occurs, no drink tastes so good, and in truth none is so good as water; none possesses adaptations so exact to the vital necessities of the organs. So long as a fresh supply of liquid is not needed, so long there is not the least relish for water; it offers no temptation, while its addition to the circulating fluids would be useless, or hurtful.

This topic has been most ably discussed by Dr. Oliver, as follows:—'The waste of the fluid parts of our bodies requires the use of drink to repair it, and we derive a sensible gratification from quenching our thirst. What use do we make of this fact? Why, to try if we cannot find something that we shall take pleasure in drinking, whether we are thirsty or not; and in this search mankind have been remarkably successful. To such a degree, indeed, have we succeeded in varying and increasing a pleasure which was designed by nature merely as an incentive to quench our thirst, that to quench thirst is become one of the last things that people drink for. It is seldom indeed that people in health have any natural thirst, except perhaps after exercise, or labour in a hot day. Under all other circumstances, we anticipate the sensation by drinking before it comes on, so as but seldom to enjoy the natural and healthful gratification of drinking because we are thirsty. Who has not observed the extreme satisfaction which children derive from quenching their thirst with pure water, and who that has perverted his appetite for drink, by stimulating his palate with bitter beer, sour cider, rum and water, and other brewages of human invention, but would be a gainer even on the score of mere animal gratification, without any reference to health, if he could bring back his vitiated taste to the simple relish of nature. Children drink because they are dry. Grown people drink, whether dry or not, because they have discovered a way of making drinking pleasant. Children drink water because this is a beverage of nature's own brewing, which she has made for the purpose of quenching a natural thirst. Grown people drink any thing but water, because this fluid is intended to quench only a natural thirst, and natural thirst is a thing which they seldom feel.

'One of the evils, though not the only or the greatest one, of perverting the natural appetite of thirst, is, that it leaves us without a guide to direct us when we need drink, and when we do not. There is no danger, it is true, that this want will mislead us into drinking too little; the danger is, that we shall be betrayed into drinking too much, *i. e.* when nature does not require it; and such no doubt is frequently the case. If a man is fond of some particular drink (and most people, I believe, have their favourite liquor,) he will be tempted to take it when he does not really need it. This consideration points out the wisdom of nature in providing for us a beverage which has nothing to tempt us to drink, except when we are really thirsty. At all other times, water is either perfectly indifferent, or it is disagreeable to us; but when we labour under thirst, *i. e.* when nature requires drink, nothing is so delicious to a pure, unadulterated taste. While we adhere to this simple beverage we shall be sure to have an unerring prompter to remind us when we really require drink; and we shall be in no danger of being tempted to drink when nature requires it not. But the moment we depart from pure water, we lose this inestimable guide, and are left, not to the real instincts of nature, but to an artificial taste in deciding on actions intimately connected with health and long life. What is more common than for a man to take a glass of beer, or cider, or wine, or rum and water, not because he is thirsty, and really needs drink, but because opportunity makes it convenient, and he thinks it will taste well. And this is true, not only of fermented or distilled liquors, which are directly injurious in other modes, but in a less degree of any addition made to pure water to make it more palatable. Let me not be misunderstood. I am far from insinuating that lemonade, soda water, and milk and water, are hurtful drinks. Far from it. But I say, that in using even these mild and healthful beverages we lose one important advantage we should derive from the use of pure water alone. If they are more palatable to us than water (and otherwise we should have no motive to use them,) we shall be tempted to take them oftener, and in greater quantities than is required by nature, and may thus unconsciously do ourselves an injury.

(To be continued.)

Extracts from a work just published in Canada, entitled

#### THE CANADIAN BROTHERS,

OR THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

(The opening chapter gives the following description of Amherstburg.)

"At the northern extremity of the small town which bears its name, situated at the head of Lake Erie, stands, or rather stood—for the fortifications then existing were subsequently destroyed—the small fortress of Amherstburg.

"It was the summer of 1812. Intelligence had been some days received at that post, of the declaration of war by the United States, the great aim and object of which was the conquest, and incorporation with her own extensive territories, of provinces on which she had long cast an eye of political jealousy, and now assailed at a moment when England could ill spare a solitary regiment to the rescue of her threatened, and but indifferently defended transatlantic possessions.

"Few places in America, or in the world, could, at the period embraced by our narrative, have offered more delightful associations than that which we have selected for an opening scene. Amherstburg was at that time one of the loveliest spots that ever issued from the will of a beneficent and gorgeous nature, and were the world-distracted wanderer to have selected a home in which to lose all memory of artificial and conventional forms, his choice would assuredly have fallen here. And inseparably, indeed, to the beauti-

ful realities of the sweet wild solitude that reigned around; must have been that man who could have gazed unmoved, from the lofty banks of the Erie, on the placid lake beneath his feet, mirroring the bright starred heavens on its unbroken surface, or throwing into full and soft relief the snow white sail, and dark hull of some stately war-ship, becalmed in the offing, and only waiting the rising of the capricious breeze, to waft her onward on her then peaceful mission of despatch. Lost indeed to all perception of the natural must he have been, who could have listened, without a feeling of voluptuous melancholy, to the plaintive notes of the whip-poor-will, breaking on the silence of night, and harmonizing with the general stillness of the scene. How often have we ourselves, in joyous boyhood, lingered amid these beautiful haunts, drinking in the fascinating song of this strange night-bird, and revelling in a feeling we were too young to analyze, yet cherished deeply—yea, frequently, even to this hour do we in our dreams revisit scenes, no parallel to which has met our view, even in the course of a life passed in many climes; and on awaking, our first emotion is regret that the illusion is no more.

"Such was Amherstburg, and its immediate vicinity, during the early years of the present century, and up to the period at which our story commences. Not, be it understood, that even then the scenery itself had lost one particle of its loveliness, or failed in ought to awaken and fix the same tender interest. The same placidity of earth, and sky, and lake remained, but the whip-poor-will, driven from his customary abode by the noisy hum of warlike preparation, was no longer heard, and the minds of the inhabitants, hitherto disposed, by the quiet pursuits of their uneventful lives, to feel pleasure in its song, had neither eye nor ear for aught beyond what tended to the preservation of their threatened homes."

Sir Isaac Brock, Captain Barclay and the gallant Indian Chief, Tecumseh, are thus introduced to the reader,

"The first of the advancing party was a tall, martial looking man, wearing the dress and insignia of a general officer. His rather florid countenance was eminently fine, if not handsome, offering, in its more Roman than Grecian contour, a model of quiet, manly beauty; while the eye, beaming with intelligence and candour, gave, in the occasional flashes which it emitted, indication of a mind of no common order. There was, notwithstanding, a benevolence of expression about it that blended (in a manner to excite attention) with a dignity of deportment, as much the result of habitual self command, as of the proud eminence of distinction on which he stood. The sedative character of middle age, added to long acquired military habits, had given a certain rigidity to his form, that might have made him appear to a first observer even older than he was, but the placidity of a countenance beaming with good will and affability, speedily removed the impression, and if the portly figure added to his years, the unfurrowed countenance took from them in equal proportion.

"At his side, hanging on his arm, and habited in naval uniform, appeared one who, from his familiarity of address with the General, not less than by certain appropriate badges of distinction, might be known as the commander of the little fleet then lying in the harbour. Shorter in person than his companion, his frame made up in activity what it wanted in height, and there was that easy freedom in his movements which so usually distinguishes the carriage of the sailor, and which now offered a remarkable contrast to that rigidity we have stated to have attached (quite unaffectedly) to the military commander. His eye, of a much darker hue, sparkled with a livelier intelligence, and although his complexion was also highly florid, it was softened down by the general vivacity of expression that pervaded his frank and smiling countenance. The features, regular and still youthful, wore a bland and pleasing character; while neither in look, nor bearing, nor word, could there be traced any of that haughty reserve usually ascribed to the "lords of the sea." There needed no other herald to proclaim him for one who had already seen honourable service, than the mutilated stump of what had once been an arm: yet in this there was no boasting display, as of one who deemed he had a right to tread more proudly because he had chanced to suffer, where all had been equally exposed in the performance of a common duty. The empty sleeve, unostentatiously fastened by a loop from the wrist to a button of the lappel, was suffered to fall at his side, and by no one was the deficiency less remarked than by himself.

"The greeting between Tecumseh and these officers, was such as might be expected from warriors bound to each other by mutual esteem. Each held the other in the highest honour, but it was particularly remarked that while the Indian Chieftain looked up to the General with the respect he felt to be due to him, not merely as the dignified representative of his "Great Father," but as one of a heart and actions claiming his highest personal admiration; his address to his companion, whom he now beheld for the first time, was warmer and more energetic; and as he repeatedly glanced at the armless sleeve he uttered one of those quick ejaculatory exclamations, peculiar to his race, and indicating, in this instance, the fullest extent of approbation. The secret bond of sympathy which chained his interest to the commodore, might have owed its being to another cause. In the countenance of the latter there was much of that eagerness of expression, and in the eye that vivacious fire that flashed, even in repose, from his own swarthier and more speaking features; and this assimilation of character might have been the means of producing that preference for, and devotedness to the cause of the naval commander, that subsequently developed itself

in the chieftain. In a word, the General seemed to claim the admiration and the respect of the Indian—the Commodore, his admiration and friendship.

From Addison's Travels.

### PLAIN OF SHARON.

NOVEMBER. We left Jerusalem at noon for Ramleh, the ancient Rama of Ephraim, and the Arimathea of the New Testament, seven hours distant. On our way through the solitary and deserted streets of the holy city we encountered my old friend and fellow pilgrim, the Greek Pappas; he was toiling along the rugged path-way, accompanied by two other way-worn pilgrims, to offer up his prayers at the church of the holy sepulchre. The old man attends there every morning with other wanderers from far distant lands, and is generally to be seen forming one of a venerable group in loose robes and with snow-white beards, bending and kissing the dust before some one of the numerous altars which adorn the sacred building.

"Yet midst her towering fanes in ruins laid,  
The pilgrim saint his murmuring vespers paid:  
'Twas his to climb the tufted rocks, and rove  
The chequer'd twilight of the olive grove;  
'Twas his to bend beneath the sacred gloom,  
And wear with many a kiss Messiah's tomb."

We rode out of the *Babel Scham*, and bidding adieu to the holy city, we struck across the country in a westerly direction. The sky was perfectly clear, and the temperature most delightful.

About two hours after leaving Jerusalem we descended into a winding ravine, and halted at a well, where a party of travellers, mounted on mules, were resting to refresh themselves. A shepherd was driving a few goats along a mountain pass, and we were pleased with the unusual congregation of human beings. The surrounding landscape now became clothed in more pleasing garb; the bare, arid, treeless country gave way to rocks and dells, covered with dwarf shrubs; and the green grass, plants, and flowers, with numerous crocuses in full blossom, presented a delightful appearance. We descended a steep precipitous path among the mountains, and followed a winding stony bridle track by the edge of a mountain torrent; sometimes we ascended the bare rocks, by the holes worn into them by the iron shod hoofs of horses that had trodden the same track for centuries. Here and there the precipitous craggy eminences receded, and left a little sequestered spot, carpeted with greensward, watered by the small murmuring mountain rivulet, and sometimes overshadowed with a few walnut trees.

Four hours and a half after leaving Jerusalem, and just as the sun was setting, we descended the last of the mountains, and leaving "the hill country of Judea," we advanced into the large flat plain, "the plain of Sharon," which extends on every side towards the sea-coast, possessing a fine and fertile soil, in a state of neglect. It is everywhere deserted and uncultivated, and overrun with thistles and weeds. We followed a small winding path through the burnt-up rank vegetation, amid whose dead and rotting stalks might be seen the vigorous green plants of the coming year struggling into life. As we journeyed across the wild and dusky heath, we were wrapped in admiration at the beauty of the heavens; the sun had set but a few minutes, and the sky above the western horizon was flushed with golden, purple, and crimson colours beautifully blended together. An extraordinary stillness reigned around, but this was occasionally disturbed by the monotonous chirping of the cricket, or the whistling of the transient breeze as it swept along over the dry grass. Sometimes, however, the shrill melancholy cry of the jackal broke upon the ear, and was prolonged from hill to hill, until it at length died away in the distant solitude.

The daylight very shortly entirely disappeared, and we continued across the solitary plain, guided by the light of the moon. In about an hour we came in sight of what appeared to be a village on an eminence. A little to the left of the road, houses could be seen in the moonlight, and a line of wall, apparently erected for defence. Silence and solitude, however, brooded over the spot.

PHILOSOPHY.—It was so with old Mr. Hodge, a Vermont farmer. His son Ben came in one day and said:—

'Father, that old black sheep has got two lambs.'

'Good,' says the old man; 'that's the most profitable sheep on the farm.'

'But one on 'em's dead,' added Ben.

'I'm glad on't,' says the father, 'it'll be better for the old sheep.'

'But 'tother's dead too,' says Ben.

'So much the better,' rejoins the old man, 'she'll make a grand piece of mutton in the fall.'

'Yes—but the old sheep's dead too,' exclaims Ben.

'Dead! dead!—what, the old sheep dead?' cries old Hodge, 'that's good, hang her!—she always was an ugly old scamp.'

BON MOT BY LORD DENMAN.—In the Court of Queen's Bench on Monday morning, when Lord Denman was calling on counsel for motions, Mr. Wightman mentioned the difficulty of his being retained in several cases to show cause against rules, while, in others, he appeared in support of rules; upon which his lordship suggested, amid much laughter, that the learned counsel in that case had better pair off with himself.

"Will you lend father your newspaper, sir? he only just want to read it?" "Yes, my boy; and ask him to lend me his dinner, I only just want to eat it."

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 15, 1840.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.—English dates have been received by way of New York, to Dec. 26.

The British Queen steamship arrived on the 25th. She had encountered a dreadful gale. Her next time of sailing is the 1st of March.—The Great Western was to leave Bristol on Feb. 20th. The new Atlantic steamer, the United States, was nearly ready for launching, she was expected to take her place on the New York line on the 20th of April.—The sailing of the Halifax Steamers, on the 1st of May, is again announced.—The Brilliant, steampacket, sailing between Leith and Aberdeen, lost her commander, Captain Wade, overboard,—and was thrown by a tremendous surf on the North Pier of Aberdeen harbour. In this situation she took fire, and was nearly burned through. The crew escaped.—The Tribune man of war is said to have been wrecked at Taragona. Particulars are not given. It will be recollected that a ship of war of the same name, was wrecked near Halifax several years ago, under very melancholy circumstances.

The 4th of February was named as the day of the Queen's marriage. The United States Gazette says, that among the celebrations of the event, the female order of knighthood,—or rather the female branch of the order of the Garter, established by Richard II. will be revived.—Lord Palmerston and the Dowager Countess Cooper were married on the 16th December. His Lordship is in his 56th year, and the lady in her 53d. She is sister to Lord Melbourne.—It is reported that Lord Durham is to go ambassador to Constantinople.—Lord Auckland has been elevated to the peerage, continuing his title.—Sir John Keane has been made Lord Keane, Mr. McNaughton and Colonel Pottinger have been created Baronets.—Lord Normandy was expected to succeed Lord Auckland as Governor General of India.—Doctor Burnstead was to be made Bishop of Litchfield.—A dissolution of Parliament was spoken of.

Accounts from the manufacturing districts were unfavourable. Much distress was said to exist among the operatives and peasantry.—Within a few weeks failures occurred at Glasgow, to the amount of nearly £75,000.—Other Chartist meetings in Wales were expected, collisions between the soldiers and people were apprehended.—The powder mills of Harvey and Curtis, on Hounslow Heath, had been blown up.—The government intended to introduce the Railway project for Ireland soon after the re-assembling of Parliament.—The deficiency in the Dublin Post Office department, under the new system, was £500 a-week. The falling off at the commencement does not afford anything like a fair clue to the general working of the system.

Mr. O'Connell, it is asserted, is to be Chief Baron of the Irish Exchequer. A public dinner was given to this distinguished man at Bandon on the 3d of December. On his alighting at the hotel, he addressed a large concourse of people. After some affectionate allusions to the Queen, and some reprobation of the English Chartists, he thus spoke of the progress of the Temperance cause in Ireland.

But, my countrymen, there is a second struggle—a glorious moral struggle—going on in the country. I hope many of you have been to Father Matthew—(great cheering). As many of the vast assemblage, which I have now the honour to address, as are for Temperance, will lift up their hands (about half the multitude responded). Oh! the great moral struggle—that which will convert the people from making slaves and beasts of themselves, to habits of high moral thinking and acting, is in successful progress in Ireland. The Temperance Societies are big with importance to the future welfare and independence of the country. In a moral and social point of view, they are destined to produce vast amelioration amongst the people. Morality, comfort, cleanliness and contentment, will take the place of recklessness, squalidness, filth and bickerings (hear, hear, and cheers.) Let me have three cheers for the Temperance Societies (enthusiastic and prolonged cheering). The blessings of God are poured upon the cause, and the moral glories of your country will be yet realized by the Temperance Societies in Ireland—(cheers). I own I see great events in store for Ireland, from the extension and spread of Temperance; nor is there a national or political right—one based upon the principle of equality—that will not be conceded—and that not a little by reason of the Temperance Societies. (Great cheers).

I tell you plainly, before I reorganize the country for the attainment of the repeal of the union, I shall watch the progress of that mighty moral institution, now running through every corner of the land with a power and effect not to be repressed. I shall watch, I say, the gigantic influence which the temperance societies will inevitably effect, before I again unfurl the banners of repeal; and then, despite the world, repeal will be carried, and Ireland and her interests will once more be represented in College-green. (Cheers)

Nothing new of consequence appears from France,—Spain,—or China

LEGISLATURE.—The resolutions bearing on Responsible Government, mentioned in our last, were conveyed to his Excellency, by the House, on Monday last. His Excellency answered the address on the occasion by stating, that the matters complained of had been already brought under notice of her Majesty's Government,—and had been answered by the Despatch recently laid before the House,—that his Excellency did not feel at liberty to adopt any other course than to refer to that Despatch, and that he had every reason to be satisfied with the advice and assistance at all times rendered by the Executive Council.—The House returned to their Chamber. Mr. Uniacke addressed the House, stating that

he had resigned his seat of Executive Councillor, in conformity with the views of the House on the subject of that body,—and that his resignation had been accepted. Mr. Uniacke explained his opinions in favour of responsible government, and answered some charges of inconsistency that had been made against him.

On Wednesday evening last, Mr. Howe submitted a remonstrance to the Lieut. Governor, in reply to his Excellency's answer to the Address of the House. In the remonstrance the Despatch of Lord John Russell was referred to as that on which the House had formed their resolution, and it urged a reconsideration of the subject by his Excellency.

The Bill for granting a charter to Queen's College, Horton, passed the House, after two day's discussion, on Saturday last. It was debated on Thursday and Friday in the Legislative Council. The chief object of the Bill is to give the professors of the College power to grant degrees. The chief objections are, that the multiplication of Colleges would prevent the formation of any one on a highly respectable foundation,—that it would lead to sectarian feelings,—and that it would diminish the value of degrees. These were answered by statements, that the time had elapsed when one College for the Province could be founded, on account of the existence of King's and Dalhousie establishments,—that the establishment of Queen's would lead to a generous and beneficial, but not a narrow sectarian rivalry,—that the College had the warm support of a large portion of the population,—and that the degrees would be marks of industry and intelligence and improvement, useful and creditable, and given by professors fully competent for the duties of their station.

A Bill for abolishing the Inferior Court of Common Pleas has caused much discussion.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—Doctor Grigor gave a very interesting lecture, last Wednesday evening, on the Philosophy of the Mind. Mr. Richard Young is to lecture next Wednesday evening *On the Laws of Nature*.

The following gentlemen are expected to lecture in the order in which they stand:

Mr. R. Young, February 19th,—Mr. McDonald, 26th,—Mr. A. McKenzie, March 5th,—George R. Young, Esq. 12th,—Rev. Mr. O'Brien, 19th.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.—Last Monday evening being set apart for Recitation, several of the members recited a debate on the character of Julius Cæsar, written by Sheridan Knowles. The parts were sustained with much spirit. The question for discussion next Monday evening is—Was the deposition of Charles the 2nd Justifiable.—The Rev. Mr. O'Brien is to lecture to the Society on the 24th of the present month.

### MARRIED.

At New Glasgow, by the Rev. David Roy, Mr. Robert P. Grant, of the Albion Mines, merchant, to Ann, daughter of James Carmichael, Esquire, New Glasgow.

On Friday last, at Earlton, by the Rev. William Sutherland, Mr. Angus Matheson, to Miss Christy Sutherland, both of that place.

At Merigomish, on Thursday last, by the Rev. W. Patrick, Mr. James McCahe, Lochbroom, to Jessie, second daughter of Mr. William Smith, Merigomish.

At Cornwallis on the 21st ult. by the Rev. George Struthers, Mr. Hanson Chesley, of Wilnot, to Eliza, only daughter of Mr. John Woodworth, of that place.

At Londonderry, on 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Brown, Mr. Thomas Yull, to Miss Isabella McDonald.

### DIED.

After a few hours illness, on Sunday, February 9, Mr. John Neale, of Portuguese Cove; the deceased was much respected, and his death is deeply lamented by his relatives and acquaintances.

On Thursday last, Mr. Daniel Livingston, aged 74 years, of H. M. Ordnance. At Three Fathom Harbour, on Sunday last, Mr. Christopher Roast, aged 83 years.

At Trinidad de Cuba, 19th Dec. Capt. John Pengilly, in the 30th year of his age, a respectable shipmaster of this place.

At New York, on the 15th ult. after a lingering illness, Frances Ludlow, in the 74th year of her age, second daughter of the late Col G. G. Ludlow, of St. John, N.B.

At Hamilton, Bermuda, on the 20th ult. where he had gone for the benefit of his health, Mr. Thomas Robinson, aged 29 years—much and sincerely regretted by his relatives and friends.

At Fredericton, on the 31st ultimo, George F. S. Berton, Esquire, aged 31 years, Barrister at Law, and Clerk of the Crown in the Supreme Court.

At Pictou, of scarlet fever, on the 27th Jany. Jane Geddie, aged 7 years and 7 months. On the 1st February, Janet aged 2 years and 7 months. On the 2nd, Elizabeth, aged 10 years and 4 months. On the 4th, Mary Ann, aged 12 years and 3 months, all children of Mr. Francis Beattie.

### SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

#### PORT OF HALIFAX.

#### ARRIVED.

THURSDAY—Britt. Flirt, Wilkie, Barbadoes, 13 days—ballast to W. J. Starr—passed Bermuda 32d ult.—43 days on the voyage—on 26th ult. fell in with the brig. Scott, (previously reported); brig Syph, Young, Bermuda, 8 days—ballast to Saltus & Wainwright; brig. Margaret, Jones, Trinidad de Cuba, 27 days—molasses to M. B. Almon.

FRIDAY—Britt. Portree, Simpson, Boston, 62 hours—wheat, flour, naval stores, &c. to W. J. Long, H. Fay and others; brig Granville, Lyle, Trinidad de Cuba, 21 days—molasses to S. Binney; brig. Woodbine, Homer, and schr. Transcendant, Barrington, 20 hours.

MONDAY—Mailboat brig Velocity, Bars, Bermuda, 10 days; brig Helena, King, from St. Andrews, arrived at Bermuda 25th ult.; brig St. Lawrence, Williams, sailed a day previous for Matanzas; brig. Daphne, sailed a day previous, for Porto Rico; James Ritchard, Burnaby, Liverpool, 2 days, via Lunenburg; the brig Union, from Demerara, 32 days; arrd at Liverpool, on Thursday; brig Commerce, from do 38 days, from do at Lunenburg on Friday.

TUESDAY—Sloop Lady Hunter, Liverpool, 4 days; H. M. Packet Ranger, hence, arrived at Falmouth 13th December, in 16 days.

THURSDAY—Schr. Btsey, Mackay, New York, 10 days.

FRIDAY—Brig Acadian Jones, Boston, 5 days.

#### CLEARED.

FRIDAY 7th inst.—Brig St. George, Dempsey, Liverpool, GB.—lumber, &c. by W. F. Reid; Nautilus, McKenzie, St. Domingo—assorted cargo by Fairbanks & Allison; schr. Jane, Porter, Matanzas—dry fish, lumber, &c. by Lyle and Wiswell. 8th—brig Lady Sarah Maitland, Grant, B.W. Indies—assorted cargo by J. Fairbanks.



For the Pearl.  
TO ELLEN.

How sweet the hour when daylight dies!  
How passing sweet to me—  
The hour in which my spirit flies,  
My own true love, to thee!

The wind went murmuring softly by,  
The stars were bright above,  
When last I saw that beaming eye,  
And heard that voice of love.

Not now that soft wind comes to me—  
Those stars above me shine;  
Not now that look of love I see,  
And hear thee call me thine!

I view no more the genial sky  
That smiles above my home;—  
My native scenes remotely lie  
Beyond the ocean's foam.

Here with no ties to which to cling—  
To those I meet unknown—  
A weary heart—a friendless thing—  
I wander all alone.

Yet, in this calm delightful hour—  
The time to me so sweet,  
I seek in thought the lonely bower  
In which we loved to meet.

Again I see that radiant smile  
Thy face of beauty o'er,  
And feel such deep delight the while,  
I can but sigh for more.

Though here in foreign lands I pine  
To dwell among mine own,  
Yet blest with love so true as thine,  
I feel not all alone.

J. McP.

Halifax, 1840.

#### COUNTY COURT OF REQUESTS.

VITECHAPPEL WITTLES.—Among the lower class of suitors here, it is sometimes surprising to witness the pertinacity and adroitness with which some contrive to bolster up a rotten case. Like the schoolmaster in the "Deserted Village"—

"Even though vanquished they will argue still."

An illustration of this, to some extent, occurred during the progress of a case, in which a slaughterman, in Crow-cross, claimed from a carcase butcher the sum of 12s. 6d. being the market value of fifty odd pounds of yellow bull beef.

The slaughterman, as the evidence proved, had a carcase for sale, concerning which a doubt existed as to the precise mode of its conversion into beef. The doubt was whether it had been legitimately slaughtered, or whether it had died of some sort of disease; and the evidence, *pro.* and *con.* was so equally balanced, that like *Sir Roger de Coverley's* converted portrait, much might be said on both sides.

The slaughterman averred that three persons, one of whom was the defendant, bought a portion of the beef at 3d. per lb. The beef was weighed and delivered to the buyers, but when the defendant was called upon for the cash, he denied having received the beef: and he refused to pay the amount,—a summons from this court was issued against him.

Mr. Sergeant Heath: Why do you refuse to pay?

Defendant: Cause he axed me for all the value, ven he knows as three on us vere in it, and I'm only liable for a third, and even of that ere, for some von come to his slaughter 'us, and unbeknown 'boned' the beef; so ven ve comes a Sunday morning to cut it up, and take away our shares of the meat, it had waperated, and there warnt nothing not for none of us.

Slaughterman: All as hever I can say to that ere is, 'at some von fetched away the meat arter I'd delivered into your possession.

Defendant: Never had no legal possession of it.

Slaughterman: Vy, you vent to scale, and hanged it up over the gas light with the "gam."

Defendant: Make him take his hoath to that ere, 'cause he says I hanged it up with the "gam," ven I've a vittness in court who'll prove as I only used the "long arm."

Mr. Sergeant Heath: Pray what is the difference between a "gam" and a "long arm"?

Defendant: Vy, a "gam" is a short double hook vot you hangs "ship," and sitch small hanimals on; and a "long arm" is a pole vot you hangs beastesses up with. Now, I used the "long arm;" consekevently the meat vornt never in my legal possession.

Mr. Sergeant Heath: Why, you admit that you hung it up with the "long arm."

Defendant: Yes, but I'd got no calls to touch the meat ven I'd the "long arm;" but if I used the "gam," I could'nt avoid touching it.

Mr. Sergeant Heath: Oh, now I understand. You conceive that you must touch an article before you can have legal possession. Your law won't do.

Defendant: Vell, 'spose the court overrules that 'ere, I've got several more pints to argufy. First, I only bought a part of the meat, and so I can't be liable for all on it.

Mr. Sergeant Heath: The law of partnership is this—if three persons buy an article jointly, each is liable for the whole.

Defendant: Then it's a werry rum *habus corpus* law! Now, put this here—'spose as I bought von horse out of a team, and another man bought another, and another another. Vell; two walks off without paying, am I liable for all the team?

Mr. Sergeant Heath: That is a very different affair from buying a piece of meat in copartnership.

Defendant: I bows to the court. Now your lordships heard that 'as the meat vos taken away by somebody that nobody never know'd. 'Spose now, your lordship, as I vos to buy a horse, and the owner on it puts it in his stable till I brings the tin. Vell, ven I gets back ve finds the stable busted open and the horse nibbled. Am I legally liable for the value?

Mr. Sergeant Heath: Certainly not.

Defendant: Then I aint liable for this ere, 'cause, even admitting (vich I don't) as I vent to scale and hang'd up the joint with the long arm without never touching it; yet I hangs it up in a part of his own slaughter 'us, and some von cuts his lucky vith it. So you see it's a case in pint.

Mr. Sergeant Heath: No, you leave out one material ingredient. The meat was delivered to you, and there the plaintiff's responsibility ceases.

A juror: Was this yellow beef intended to be sold for food?

The slaughterman pretended to be busied in smoothing the nap of his leather hat.

The butcher, after a little hesitation, said—"Vy, the truth on it is, it is wot ve calls *Vitechappel wittles*. It would'nt do for the vest end, 'cause the nobs there am so ower pertickler that they vill have their meat sightly to the eye—with clean vite fat and handsome red; but it don't so much matter at Vitechappel, for so as a labouring man has a good happetite it's all as von to him vether he grubs off a bit of 'yellow' or a 'vet 'un,' perving he gets his meat two-pence or three-pence a pound cheaperer."

The jury found for the plaintiff.—*London Argus.*

#### MARRIAGE OF THE QUEEN.

Queen Victoria has formally announced her intention to marry Prince Albert of Saxe-Gotha.

Prince Albert is in his 22d year, is nephew of Leopold king of the Belgians; brother to the husband of the young Queen of Portugal; nephew to the Duchess of Kent, mother of Queen Victoria; and cousin to the Queen herself. As the young Queen is about to take unto herself a husband, it will be interesting to know what will be his rank, title and authority. All these will have to be settled by Parliament.

In course of the English historical annals, from the Norman conquest, to the accession of Victoria, four females have successively wielded the sceptre as reigning sovereigns, to wit: Mary, Elizabeth, Mary, (jointly with William 3d) and Anne. The first Mary, after her accession, married Philip of Spain, but died without issue; Elizabeth was never married; Mary was married to King William, but had no issue; Anne was never married. By act of Parliament the second Mary wielded the sceptre jointly with King William, and the statutes are cited William and Mary. Although the first Mary was the wife of Philip of Spain, she was sole reigning Queen, and the statutes are cited in her name. Elizabeth and Anne were sole reigning Queens, and the statutes and all public documents were in their names respectively. It is remarkable that neither of the Queens regnant ever had issue to inherit the crown.

It thus appears that in a single instance the crown was conferred upon two persons jointly, William and Mary. This was not in regular succession, but because there was a vacancy in the succession. James 2d having been expelled, the throne was declared vacant. To supply the vacancy, Parliament conferred the regal dignity by special settlement upon his daughter Mary and the Prince of Orange, to be wielded by him in both of their names, and the crown to descend to the survivor of them and her issue, and on failure of her issue, to the second daughter of King James, the Princess Anne, who was afterwards Queen Anne.

From these historical facts it appears, that whenever there was any regular heir to the throne Parliament was careful to secure the sole dignity to the right heir, whether male or female, and to limit the succession to the issue of such heir.

It is evident, therefore, that in case of the Queen's marriage to Albert, she will still remain reigning Queen, without sharing the power with her consort, and that the succession will go to her issue. As husband of the Queen, however, Albert will probably enjoy by courtesy the nominal title of King, and that of Majesty. This was the case in Scotland. Mary Queen of Scots was reigning sovereign of that country, and when she married Lord Darnley, her husband received the title of King, and on his death, was buried among the Kings of Scotland. So it will probably be with Albert. Though King by courtesy, the Government will be in the sole name of Victoria, and he will have no other power than will

naturally result from his own personal influence over the Queen. In character of husband, however, of the reigning Queen, if he is a man of discretion and intelligence, he will doubtless wield a vast influence over the destinies of England.

#### STEAMBOATS IN THE UNITED STATES.

In obedience to a call of the House of Representatives of last session, for information relative to steamboats and steam engines in the United States, the Secretary of the Treasury has made a long and highly interesting Report, from which we gather that the whole number of steam engines in the United States, of all kinds ascertained, is 3010; of the whole number of steamboats respecting which returns have been received, 351 are in use on the waters of the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico, 64 on the great northwestern lakes, and 285 on the waters of the Mississippi valley, with an aggregate tonnage of 137,473 tons; estimated horse power, 57 019. The number of lives lost since 1816 by accidents of all kinds happening to steamboats, as far as ascertained, is 1676; number of persons injured, who have recovered, 443; material accidents in locomotive engines, 24; killed, 27; wounded, 90.

The most singular steamboat explosion, perhaps, that ever occurred, took place in Connecticut in 1817, and is related by that veteran steamboat commander, Capt. Elihu S. Bunker, in his reply to the Collector of New York, asking for information to be transmitted to the Treasury Department. The whole of Capt. Bunker's letter is exceedingly interesting. He says:

"Gilbert Brewster, Esq. of Norwich, fancied that he was in possession of a plan for building a steamboat that would prove superior to that then in use, and accordingly built a small boat, (which I think he called the John Hancock,) into which he put a small engine and a wooden boiler. He prepared her for an excursion from Norwich to New London, at the time that President Monroe visited that section of the United States. Fifty gentlemen went on board, and they proceeded down the river from Norwich. Those fifty gentlemen, together with the cook, (a coloured man,) were in the cabin abaft the boiler when approaching New London, when it was announced that the Fulton, which had the President on board, was in sight. The gentlemen went on deck as fast as the gangway would permit them to move, the cook being the last at the foot of the stairs. When he was half way up the stairs, the end of the boiler was blown out, and his left leg was slightly scalded. The force was so great with which the end of the boiler flew, that it swept every thing before it; tables, chairs, partition between the ladies' and gentlemen's cabins—all went out at the stern of the boat! In one minute more, if those persons had staid in the cabin, fifty-one would have been swept into eternity!"

EXPERIMENT AT SEA.—We not only corked the bottle securely, but covered it with tarred canvass, and then immersed it to the depth of sixty fathoms. On drawing up the bottle, we found it to be half filled with water, and the cork partly forced into it, and the sealing-wax broken. We ascertained that the weight of water resting upon it amounted to 157 pounds.

"A lady who resides in the rue St. Lazare," says the *Journal du Notariat*, "has made a will, bequeathing at her death 10,000f.—viz. 3,000f. to her grocer, 3,000f. to her steward, and 4,000f. to two of her oldest servants, during the lifetime of her dog, on condition of her favourite being clothed, fed, and attended upon like a human being. "The dear Bibi," says this journal, "is dressed like a great personage, has a warm apartment, rides out in a carriage, and deigns occasionally to show himself on the balcony of his house, when his physician allows him to take the air!"

A celebrated engineer being examined at a trial where both the Judge and Counsel tried in vain to browbeat him, made use in his evidence of the expression "the creative power of a mechanic;" on which the Judge rather tartly asked him what he meant by "the creative power of a mechanic?" "Why, my Lord," said the engineer, "I mean that power which enables a man to convert a goat's tail into a Judge's wig."

The following laconic epistle may be seen in the window of a coffee-house in Featherstone street, City road: "Stolen from this window, a china cup and saucer; the set being now incomplete, the thief may have the remainder at a bargain."

#### THE COLONIAL PEARL,

Is published every Saturday, at seventeen shillings and sixpence per annum, in all cases, one half to be paid in advance. It is forwarded by the earliest mails to subscribers residing out of Halifax. No subscription will be taken for a less term than six months. All communications, post paid, to be addressed to John S. Thompson, Halifax, N. S.

#### AGENTS.

Arthur W. Godfrey, General Agent, Halifax, who will correspond with the local Agents—receive monies, and transact the business generally.

|                                |   |
|--------------------------------|---|
| James L. Dewolf, Esq. Windsor. | Charles Morse, Esq. Liverpool.          |
| W. H. Chipman, } Lower Horton, | R. N. Henry, Esq. Antigonish.           |
| } Wolfville,                   | Mr. Henry Stamer, Charlotte Town.       |
| } Kentville.                   | G. A. Lockhart, Esq. St. John N. B.     |
| Thomas Spurr, Esq. Bridgetown. | J. A. Reeve, Esq. Sussex Vale.          |
| Peter Bonnett, Esq. Annapolis. | C. Milner, Esq. Sackville & Dorchester. |
| J. H. Fitzrandolf, Digby.      | J. Taylor, Esq. Fredericton.            |
| H. G. Farish, Esq. Yarmouth.   | J. Caie, Newcastle, Chatham & Nelson.   |
| J. W. Smith, Esq. } Amherst.   | Jos. Meagher, Esq. Carleton, &c.        |
| } Fort Lawrence.               | Wm. End, Esq. Bathurst.                 |
| Thomas Caie, Esq. Richibucto.  | Jas. Boyd, Esq. St. Andrews.            |
| Silas H. Crane, Esq. Economy.  | Messrs. Pengree & Chipman, St. Ste.     |
| D. Matheson, Esq. } Pictou.    | Mr. Johnrunoot, Sydney. (phem)          |
| } River John.                  |   |

HALIFAX, N. S. Printed at "The Nova Scotian" Office.